The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

The Week.

The intrusion of Mr. Hearst into the New York campaign at the head of an independent ticket made up otherwise of Fusion candidates brought about a threefold contest chiefly characterized by mutual defamation. The result has been to elect Judge Gaynor, Tammany's Mayor, by a plurality of 70,000 (though a minority of 80,000), but to bring in with him all the rest of the Fusion ticket. In effect Tammany has received the most shattering blow in its history. The city now has a Board of Estimate of able and honorable men, elected over the dead bodies of the whole line of Tammany nominees. It is true, of course, that the great deliverance is largely due to a happy accident of politics. Yet it is only fair to say that this tremendous break-up of parties, this new demonstration that Tammany's mercenary hold upon its followers can be broken, this unexampled independence in city voting, were all the while in the situation as a threat to the power of Murphy, and a warning that the old order of things was passing away. That all the anti-Tammany elements could not be united in support of a Fusion candidate for Mayor was merely the misfortune of the campaign. The proof remains clear that Greater New York is ready and eager to throw off the yoke of Tammany. It can never be said again that this city wallows in misgovernment unashamed. Meanwhile there is a wonderful chance for Judge Gaynor. If he is the reformer his friends say he is, he will bend every effort to work harmoniously with his high-minded associates in the Board of Estimate.

The defeat of the disfranchising Constitutional amendment in Maryland is the most important single result recorded in the State elections of Tuesday. It ought not to be too much to hope that this second emphatic rejection of the proposition by the people of Maryland will put an end, for a long time to come, to the mischievous agitation that has been kept up by the Democratic politicians for the purpose of securing their hold on the government. The matter is of national interest, for more reasons than one. The adoption of the amendment would have brought about what, in spite of the existence of similar Constitutional provisions in States further South, would have been essentially a new thing in our political history; for the nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment, defended in those States on the plea of necessity, and backed by the almost unanimous sentiment of the white population, would in Maryland have resulted from a mere majority vote, in the face of the vigorous protest of a strong minority, which has behind it a record of beneficial political achievement. Another, and a most unfortunate, aspect of the success of the disfranchising amendment would have been the addition of Maryland to that body of Southern States which has, ever since the war, ceased to be debatable ground in national contests; whereas Maryland has been a notable factor in such campaigns as that of 1896, not to speak of earlier ones. As for the effect on home politics, a leading feature of the fight on the amendment has been the opposition of those who represent uncompromising hostility to the Gorman machine, or its successor, and the result is therefore not only a victory for honest observance of the Fifteenth Amendment, but also a defeat for ring rule.

As an indication of public feeling on national issues, however, nothing in the returns is so striking as the close-shave by which the Republicans carried Massachusetts. The plurality for Governor was only 8,000, against 60,000 last year; while the Lieutenant-Governor's plurality was cut down from 96,000 to only 5,000. Nor is the difference to be explained by the fact that this is an off-year; for in the election of two years ago the Republicans carried the Governorship by 106,000, an even greater plurality than that of the Presidential year. There seems to be no possible explanation of the slump other than dissatisfaction with the course of the Republican party on the tariff. Now this showing in the Massachusetts election gives new prominence to the matter. The pity is that the Democratic party is so lamentably unprepared to profit by its opportunity. Its record in the recent extra session of Congress—especially that of the Southern members with a few honorable exceptions—is not calculated to excite enthusiasm or hope. Never has the havoc wrought in that historic party by the Bryan folly of 1896 been more forcibly brought home.

Further testimony to the fact that Mr. Taft has neither pacified nor intimidated the insurgent West is brought forward in the first of a series of articles in the Chicago *Tribune*. Throughout the entire sedition belt—Indiana, southern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri—the *Tribune's* special investigator finds the Republican party broken up into two hostile camps on the question of Aldrichism and Cannonism. And the determination on both sides is to rule or ruin. Where the conservative element still holds its own, it has been helped largely by the prevalent prosperity. But as it is, there is quite an army of nervous Congressmen sitting on the fence, and ready to drop off into the insurgent camp when Cannon's sun begins to sink. We do not expect President Taft to offer help. The very reasons of party unity which made him stand with Aldrich on the tariff bill, now demand that he should recognize what the sentiment of the West is in the matter of Cannon.

Secretary Knox got back to Washington barely in time to receive officially the members of the Japanese Commercial Commission. As it was, the death of the secretary's wife's aunt stood in the way of his offering the Japanese visitors any closer hospitality. And as Secretary Meyer, "who was to have received the delegation," was out of town over Sunday, and as Secretary MacVeagh was at his home in New Hampshire and Secretaries Dickinson and Nagel and the Postmaster-General were with the President, it fell to the lot of the Japanese visitors to be entertained by certain assistants in the State Department. Such a wretched exhibition of official manners is sharpened by contrast with what the Japanese government, under similar circumstances, would have done. As the case stands, it will be necessary to ex-

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plain to the Japanese that our manners never were very good, and that upon this second of November, the President of the United States and five out of his nine ministers of state—new men who presumably should be busy learning their business—had not yet returned to the capital from their vacations.

Judge Holt is as sound and fearless a Federal judge as we have, and his decision that two of the men indicted for criminal conspiracy, in connection with the shutting up of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company by the Sugar Trust, must escape under the statute of limitations, will be accepted as a conclusion to which he was driven by the law and the facts. Whether the others will be able to get off on the plea made for Messrs. Kissel and Harned, does not yet appear. The question will turn on the doctrine of "continuing offence"—that is, of overt acts subsequent to the original conspiracy and in execution of it. The statute of limitations is not a very exalted defence for a man charged with crime, but still it is the law. It is for the good of society that criminals shall be prosecuted promptly; and if the authorities laxly permit the statute of limitations to run its term without beginning a prosecution, the blame falls upon them, not upon the law. For "crimes not capital," an indictment must be filed within three years. When, therefore, Judge Holt found from the evidence that Mr. Kissel's part in the sugar refining conspiracy was completed before January 4, 1904, there was nothing for him to do but decide that an indictment more than five years later would not hold. If the other indicted officials of the Sugar Trust also escape, people will say again that rich offenders cannot be punished under our laws. That is not true: witness the recent cases of Morse and Walsh. Moreover, in this particular instance, complaint ought to be directed not against the courts or the laws, but against the supineness of those set to enforce the laws. Who was President in 1904? Who was the Chief Executive to whom Mr. Earle of Philadelphia in 1906 addressed an urgent letter setting forth the precise evidence on which these men were indicted in 1909? If the guilty now get off scot free, it is due to the fact that the Roosevelt Administration would not proceed against these rich men.

Meanwhile Attorney-General Wickersham has announced that the government will appeal from Judge Holt's decision. His ground is that "where the law enacts that every person who engaged in a conspiracy to restrain trade is guilty of a misdemeanor, it means that so long as the conspirators are continuing in a course of conduct which restrains interstate trade or commerce, they are violating the act, and that where the restraint of trade may be terminated by their voluntary act and not otherwise the statute of limitations does not begin to run in their favor until they perform the act which terminates the restraint and allows the current of trade which they had interrupted to resume its course." The issue thus raised is evidently of far-reaching importance, and the possibility of making the appeal furnishes pointed evidence of the utility of the act of March 2, 1907, which permits appeals by the government in criminal cases against judgments rendered on a special plea in bar.

The most persistent self-advertiser in New York city, who cannot even lose a trunk without having at least a column printed about it in the newspapers, Collector Loeb is now the subject of very disagreeable publicity. One of the ablest judges in our courts has deliberately censured him for his action in retaining in the government service three men who had confessed to taking money for defrauding the government by entering false weights. The granting of immunity to criminals who turn state's evidence is familiar, but to allow self-confessed rascals to remain in office is a public scandal. That the taxpayers, thanks to Mr. Loeb's bad judgment, have got to pay the salaries of confessed thieves is a trifle too much for endurance. The explanation is that they could not get employment elsewhere—as if that mattered. They are richly enough paid for any service they have rendered by the waiving of the punishment they deserve. We cannot believe that Mr. Taft and Mr. MacVeagh will approve such a confession of the ineffectiveness of the Treasury detectives, or consent to this degrading of the government service.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of a million dollars for the purpose of investigating and combating the hookworm disease, is a piece of enlightened philanthropy. Only two or three years ago, the existence of this disease was hardly understood; the first announcement of the discovery of the parasite gave occasion for unending merriment by newspaper jesters the country over. Now, however, the extent of the evil has been discovered to be so great as to call for prompt and vigorous action. As in the case of tuberculosis and other preventable diseases, the evil done by the hookworm can be estimated in dollars and cents. Hence the value of the gift will appeal especially to business men who have heretofore looked upon the discovery of the hookworm as the latest medical fad. Following the usual form of his more recent benevolent undertakings, Mr. Rockefeller has appointed a board of twelve members, most of whom have been influential in administering his great gifts for education and medical research, many of them of the very highest professional standing. There is, therefore, every guarantee of wise and scientific administration.

The theatre is coming into its own, if the progress of civilization among the American people may be judged from the magazines—and who is there that would dare to question that fact? With the opening of the new institution on Central Park West as a text, pretty nearly every November magazine has something to say on the drama, and some magazines say it twice. But the tendency has been manifest for the last year or two. Nearly all the popular magazines have their monthly dramatic review, each after its own fashion. The sprightly publications have run to chatter and merry quip. The uplift magazines dilate on the advent of the American playwright and how much money he makes. The Excelsior-and-never-say-die magazines point out how many tens of thousands of dollars it costs to stage a play, and urge the unrecognized playwright to be patient. All the magazines run to pictures, and most of them to excess. It may be that reasons of economy are behind the sudden development of the theatrical department in the monthly publications. A handful of photographs of handsome women costs almost nothing. But whatever the fact may be it is apparent that Puritanism in the

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rural districts must be rapidly declining, if the number of chorus-ladies photographed for the popular periodicals is an index.

In reading the detailed account of the proceedings in the House of Commons when the government was challenged to justify its failure to make representations to the Spanish government concerning the prospective execution of Ferrer, one cannot fail to be impressed by the contrast with what would have taken place in our own House of Representatives. There was, the report states, a condition of strained expectancy when, amid profound silence, the leader of the Labor party put his question. Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, replied in a few brief sentences which, however, fully covered the ground. "His Majesty's government," he said, "cannot depart from the rule not to interfere or to express opinions concerning matters of internal administration in other European countries when no British subjects or treaty rights are involved. . . . This rule is one observed, so far as I am aware, by all European governments in their dealings with each other, and to depart from it would serve no useful purpose." Additional questions and comments failed to draw from him another word of any kind, and the completeness with which the issue had been disposed of, in the judgment of the House, was made manifest when, on a test question, only eighteen members out of the whole House voted with the mover of the protesting motion. It is quite certain that among the members of the House there are many who could talk with great liveliness on various phases of the Ferrer case, but the habit still prevails there of regarding the proceedings as a matter of carrying on the country's government and not as an opportunity for getting one's thoughts—or words—on things in general into print.

The bye-election in Bermondsey last week can fairly be interpreted only as a severe blow to the Liberals. No one expected them to hold their tidal-wave majority of 1906, but that a seat which they then carried by above 1,700 majority should now go to the Conservatives by a plurality of more than 900 cannot be taken except as a decided reverse. It is true that the contest three years ago was straight-out, while last week it was three-cornered, and that if the Socialist-Labor vote of Dr. Salter, 1,435, were added to the Liberal vote of 3,291, it would leave the Conservatives in a minority by more than 400. But this is cold comfort for the Liberals. On a total poll increased from the 7,791 of 1906 to the 9,004 votes cast last week, the Conservatives gained 1,217 while the Liberals *lost* 1,484. And to say that the third candidate drew off enough votes to decide the election is only to say that the Liberals have not been able to arrange a working-agreement with the Socialists and the Labor party. One bye-election does not make a party defeat, but the triumph of the Conservatives in a strictly working-class constituency will make them more ready to force a general election on the issue of the budget. Unless some compromise is patched up an appeal to the country may be looked for not later than January.

The throwing of acid upon the Bermondsey ballots by the suffragettes illustrates clearly the danger of Mrs. Pankhurst's policy. True, the organization which tried to spoil the ballots was not Mrs. Pankhurst's, and the reports vary as to whether acid or coloring fluid was used; one of the inspectors was, however, injured and his eyesight imperilled. The suffragettes, who assert that they never have injured anybody by their stone-throwing, may offset this act by citing the playing of a hose upon an imprisoned suffragette for which Mr. Gladstone has apologized in the House of Commons. But the point we would make is that a policy of violent obstruction is apt to be carried too far by the ill-balanced people who attach themselves to every cause. Maria Weston Chapman once said that the good Lord used as His tools in the anti-slavery cause some persons that she would not touch with a twenty-foot pole; and some might say the same of a few of those connected with the suffragette movement. The right to lawful assembly, to voice their protests, to approach the government which taxes them without representation, ought to be granted to every Englishwoman. Even the disturbing of meetings by heckling speakers is a time-honored British custom. But an actual deed of violence may put Mrs. Pankhurst's cause back for years by depriving it of public sympathy.

In our ignorance, we do not know what a "whist-drive" is, but we note with interest that English bishops are pronouncing against it as a means of raising money for church purposes. We infer that it is a form of gambling. Its condemnation marks a certain advance since advertisements were published beseeching English society people to set aside one-quarter of their winnings at bridge for holy objects. The whist-drive, however, must be more offensive, for the Archbishop of York "rather deprecates the practice" of putting churches in funds by means of it. Other ecclesiastics are reported as "intensely disliking" it, or "declining to accept money raised by this means." The Bishop of St. Albans "could not use the proceeds of whist-drives for any kind of spiritual work." This would seem to limit the application of sums won at cards to the purely non-spiritual work of the churches.

German newspapers have been discussing an interview which the new Chancellor recently gave to a French editor. In it, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg intimated that he had taken office with an absolutely free hand, so far as political parties were concerned. He should hold fixed relations with no party group in the Reichstag, but should maintain a position of entire independence. This may be taken in two ways. It may be intended to convey the meaning that the Chancellor regards his power as derived exclusively from the Kaiser, and that he is opposed to the idea of a responsible Ministry, or anything approaching it. On the other hand, it may signify that the Chancellor wishes to notify the combination of Conservatives and Clericals and Poles which upset Prince Bülow that their rejoicings are premature, and that Bethmann-Hollweg will not be their obedient servant, but will feel at liberty to rule by means of any other groupings in the Reichstag. Party backing of some kind he must have; since no divine right can get taxes voted except by a majority. There is, of course, the possibility of dissolving the Reichstag, but there is also the certainty of great gains by the Social-Democrats, whenever a general election is held. All told, therefore, the oracle of the new Chancellor is sufficiently Delphic.

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JUDICIAL PROCEDURE IN AMERICA

Among the problems that are constantly clamoring for attention, there is one which, while among the most important and the most difficult, presents a refreshing contrast to most of the others. In almost every field of remedial agitation, the dominant element is the moral crusading, the denunciation of selfishness or turpitude, the exposure of corruption or dishonesty. In one matter, however, the evil is discussed by responsible critics in an objective and impersonal way; and for this, in these days of much muckraking, good and bad, there is reason to be grateful. Such an article, for example, as that by Mr. George W. Alger on "Treadmill Justice," in the November *Atlantic*, is simply a presentation of facts and an analysis of causes, not an arraignment of individuals or a homily on national morality. It perceives that a certain state of things has grown up which is full of the gravest faults and fraught with most serious mischief; but it brands nobody as a malefactor and attacks no class or section of the community.

This by no means implies that the article is wanting in emphasis or in moving quality. On the contrary, the examples it cites of the delays and perversions of justice bred by our methods and habits of judicial procedure are calculated not only to impress but to amaze the average reader. When we read of the case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, few of us imagine that anything bearing a remote resemblance to the story of "Bleak House" can even now be going on in our own country; and yet Mr. Alger gives in detail the history of a simple accident case, involving no difficult question of law, which came to an end in New York State only three years ago, after having been in the courts continually for twenty-two years; of another case—a complex case against an insurance company—which was tried no less than nine distinct times and which the plaintiff abandoned in despair, refusing at last to go to his lawyers about it or to appear when the case was being tried; and of other cases comparable to these in their intolerable protraction. Nor are these cases so exceptional as to furnish no indication of the ordinary operation of the system. The report made to the Governor of New York in 1904 by the Commission on the Law's Delay not only exhibits the extent of the evil by a great mass of particulars, but voices also a general opinion:

> The condition of our own courts recalls that of the courts of the Roman Empire before the reforms instituted by Justinian, and of which Gibbon wrote, as if describing our own situation:
>
> "The expense of the pursuit sometimes exceeded the value of the prize, and the fairest rights were abandoned by the poverty or prudence of the claimants. Such costly justice might tend to abate the spirit of litigation, but the unequal pressure seems only to increase the influence of the rich, and to aggravate the misery of the poor.
>
> "By these dilatory and expensive proceedings the wealthy pleader obtains a more certain advantage than he could hope from the accidental corruption of a judge."

It would be of little use to dwell on these evils if there were no prospect of remedy. That they will not be mended in a day is certain; but that improvement, and radical improvement, will come in a reasonably near future, there is ground for believing. In the first place, in the past few years there has been a remarkable growth of serious interest in the subject, of which the most notable manifestation, perhaps, has been the emphatic recognition of its urgency by President Taft. Secondly, it is always possible to point to the example of England, which in the course of a few decades advanced from a point of backwardness in judicial methods far behind our own to a condition in which she is a shining example of efficiency, promptness, and good sense. As Mr. Alger points out, it was possible, at the end of a half-century of Queen Victoria's reign, for Lord Chief Justice Bowen to say, what we are very far from being able to say in America to-day: "It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is not possible in the year 1887 for an honest litigant in Her Majesty's Supreme Court to be defeated by any mere technicality, any slip, any mistaken step, in his litigation. . . . Law has ceased to be a scientific game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move." And what England has done, America can do and must do.

But there is a third reason for hopefulness. It lies in the practical unanimity of all who have considered the subject as to the main defect to be remedied. Two things are at the root of the evil: The absence of a reasonable limitation of the right of appeal, and the minimizing of the functions of the courts of first instance which goes naturally with absence. The ramifications of this pervading defect are shown in many ways in Mr. Alger's article. Not only does it lead to intolerable delay, and not only does the usual practice of our higher courts produce unnecessary hardship in ordering a new trial even in cases where the law empowers them to end the litigation by their own decision. The omnipresence of the idea of appeal operates to lower the tone and impair the effectiveness of the judges in the lower courts all along the line. The judge who must ever tread gingerly lest he slip into saying something that may be made a ground for reversal is unable either to confront the real problem with full vigor or to address the jury in language adapted to the requirements of the case and to the limitations of their knowledge. And, as in all such matters there is a vicious circle of cause and effect: the judges of the lower courts, shorn of their rightful power and dignity, seem comparatively unimportant officers; as a consequence, men of inferior calibre are supposed good enough to fill these judgeships, and hence results a further decline in their importance. From every point of view, therefore, the centre of attack must be not only the law, but the habitual practices of appeal procedure; and in this direction of reform the efforts of the leaders of the bar, throughout the country, must grow in volume and intensity until the end is attained.

THE FOOTBALL DEATHS.

For a long time past defenders of football, as it is played to-day, have been saying frankly: "If a player on a first-class football team is killed, it will be all up with the game." Well, Cadet Byrne, the acting captain of West Point's eleven, a first-class team, is dead, and the Annapolis quarterback is lingering with a broken spine, there being a bare possibility that an operation will restore him to health. Yet we have the usual protestations that such accidents, deplorable as they may be, are inseparable from manly sports, and that the game is necessary to develop the right qualities in the future soldier or sailor. There is even a dispatch from a Chicago college president putting the blame on the short hours of practice of the West Point team, as if the cadets, with their rigid drills, were not always

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in the pink of physical condition. No; the myth that football is fatal only to members of scrub teams is now exploded. Everybody familiar with the game knows that a player may be stretched out in the Harvard-Yale game precisely as was the poor fellow at West Point on Saturday.

Surely, the moving spectacle of that dying boy ought to be enough to bring about a final reform of the game or, if the present rules are clung to, its abolition. For it is the mass play which is responsible. Throughout this season, the whole trend of the play has been towards the old massing of men against one spot in the opponents' line. From Harvard particularly have come telegraphic reports of a resort to the "old-fashioned game." At West Point before the tragedy Harvard's team displayed little else besides brute ability to plough through the cadets' defence. Its chief reliance is a 200-pound plunging halfback who is repeatedly hurled into the line. According to a trustworthy report, the forward pass, from which so much was expected two years ago, came into play only three times, and with indifferent success. In other words, the game is drifting back to the old conditions, when it was wholly a question of shoving the ball forward by mass-play, when the light, agile man was excluded, and skill and speed discounted. The make-up of the teams this year is in itself a confirmation of this reaction, for most of the players are of the "beefy" type.

All this can be stopped if those in control of the game wish to end it. When the Rules Committee last "opened up" the game, they made ten yards the distance to be gained by a team with the ball, in default of which the ball must be surrendered. Now, if ten yards are not enough to stop mass-play, let them make it twenty yards, so as to make necessary kicking, forward passing, and long end-runs. The difficulty is that the Rules Committee is in the hands, not of critics of the game, but of men who desire to make just as few changes as possible and are quite averse to reconstituting it in such a way that it will resemble the English or "soccer" game, in which players are not allowed to run carrying the ball. The chief argument we have heard against this change is that the English game is not an exciting enough contest for the young American, precisely as cricket can make no headway against baseball, because it lacks sensational possibilities.

We are not denying that the football of 1909 is a great deal better than that of 1905—so high an authority as Walter Camp brings that out in his article on College Football in the current *Century*—any more than we overlook the fact that there are fatalities in baseball as well as in football. But the killing of a man in mass-play is a different thing from an occasional death from a pitched or batted ball. Mass-play means injuries in every practice and every game; any one who has followed the daily dispatches from the football field must admit this. Harvard, for instance, was without three of her first-string players on Saturday, all veterans of last year's successful team. A baseball team deprived of three of its players is a rarity, indeed. What is needed is the elimination of all unnecessary risk, if the game is to persist; and when the danger disappears it will be an infinitely better and more interesting sport. One thing is certain, the deaths in this season's football are not due to any features of the open game.

In the hands of the supine college presidents lies the power to insist on the needed changes. Let them but notify the Rules Committee that Columbia's example will be followed if the game is not reformed once for all, and that committee will become overnight the busiest set of inventors in the United States. Then, with the game ordinarily safe, the question of the desirability of continuing intercollegiate contests on their present scale can be discussed with greater calmness than is now possible. Meanwhile, we trust right-thinking men and women the country over will bring all pressure possible to bear upon college authorities for a radical change. Football is not merely a sport now; it is a contrivance for injuring and maiming—for more men go through life with "game" knees, battered shoulders, and broken tendons than the public has any idea of. And no one, we trust, will be misled by to-day's West Point manifesto that football "fosters the manly virtues that are especially necessary in war." The chief thing aimed at in war is to kill, and kill quickly, and—shades of Gettysburg!—there were manly West Point cadets and the bravest and most virtuous of American soldiers long before football was ever heard of. We have, indeed, such faith in Col. Scott and his West Point corps of teachers as to assert that, without football, the cadets they would turn out would be neither vicious, nor effeminate, nor cowardly.

CLAUDE LORRAIN: TEACHER.

A book that has had its day in Germany describes Rembrandt as teacher ("Rembrandt als Erzieher"), but we think an honest survey of the group of his paintings now at the Metropolitan Museum would only warn off the wise artist in whatever medium. Rembrandt seems so solitary, inapproachable, inimitable. In his wake lies nothing but shipwreck for us. Possibly our painters and men of letters would do better to take counsel of that more accessible genius, Claude Lorrain, a small but precious collection of whose sketches is now being shown at one of the prominent print-sellers.

It is hard to imagine anything more edifying than these little notes in ink and sepia. On a palm's breadth of paper you see a river valley winding its way in to the roots of distant mountains. Or again you catch the sense of wind and rain and broken light over square miles of rolling champaign. Or, perhaps, a few spare objects—a tree, a castle, a mountain ridge—are set down so justly that one feels the vast stretches of intervening air. These, despite his detractors, are the well recognized merits of Claude in his slightest as in his monumental work.

But the defects of these drawings seem even more instructive. Yes, Ruskin, brutally in error on the main issue, was right in minuter specifications of dissent. How perfunctory are the tree forms and foreground indications generally; any one of a score of League students could give these objects more character. The handling of the wash is slow, timid, and almost casual; fifty contemporary illustrators could do the thing more crisply. In short, the magic of the hand is almost absent from these sketches. They are in a manner ill-done—and supremely, inapproachably lovely. The fact may well give pause to a generation of artificers that has sought salvation mainly in the cunning of the hand.

The superlative detail has long been

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assiduously preached. It has almost been assumed that the law and gospel of the literary art were summed up in the commandment: Make unique and lovely phrases; of painting in the formula: Let your touch be exquisite. Perhaps this particularism is based on a rather stupid adherence to the talk—not the practice, mind you—of Flaubert in letters and of Manet in painting. There seem to be souls simple enough to imagine that "Madame Bovary" is a great book because of its incidental rhetoric. As a matter of fact, only its relentless movement and massiveness have kept it alive. The intolerable labor of the file with which Flaubert tortured himself is largely labor lost. Manet is, indeed, exquisite in every detail, but the merit lies always in the balanced impact of the whole composition. In other words, it is the intellectualized vision of the man, and that only, which gives worthy employment to the sensitive hand.

Now, the dilemma of every artistic life is to strike the just balance between reflection and execution. Obviously, execution cannot safely be neglected. Even Claude attained to a placid adequacy in this regard. And because he refused to do more, his case is peculiarly instructive. It is as if he felt so keenly the importance of the original constructive vision that he declined to blunt or complicate it through executive processes too painful or too prolonged. Ingres once said rather stupidly that to draw a picture was everything, and that the painting went of itself. Claude may be imagined as saying that to see pictures was everything—to see them with utmost clarity and fervor—and that the rest was largely a tedious superfluity. The doctrine is perilous, but, as a personal maxim at least, Claude's practice fully justifies it.

Yes, the constructive side of art is the important one, and, to-day, whether in criticism or in formal instruction, the most neglected. Let no one who has thought and felt a work clearly despair lest adequate means of expression be denied him. Let him merely beware of mistaking diffused ambition for clarified vision. History gives us no record of a truly creative soul denied adequate means of expression. We may amuse ourselves by wishing for a more athletic Claude or a Watts obedient to the teachings of Couture, but it is folly. What painter who talks glibly to this end would venture practically to alter or efface a single stroke of a Claude seaport or a Watts portrait? No, we must take our geniuses as they come. The danger is quite the other way—that hundreds of aspirants with really nothing to say may attain a specious technical facility, and thus impose their emptiness upon us.

And right here we advise every young person who is painting or writing to go and see the Claude drawings. You, sir, accomplished spinner of phrases; you, sir, skilful combiner of planes and values, may test yourself against these little sheets of yellowed paper. If you loftily scorn these modest works for the phrases you fancy you could amend, there is no hope for you. Go on being just one more clever futile person, and pray merely that the abyss of your own emptiness may never be fully revealed to you. If, on the contrary, you can feel the large harmony of design, the fervid sanity of conception, in these little drawings, the visit may mark for you the beginning of artistic righteousness.

Two new buildings, one in Boston, one here, are each the product of most intelligent and tasteful architects. These buildings are scholarly and refined in detail, even exquisite in the proportions of the order, adjustment of decoration, etc., but each looks as if it could be covered by an inverted soap box. In other words, they have been conceived in paper, not in stone, in the parts and not in the whole. To regain the lost position of monumental design is the problem of modern art in whatever branch. Claude may well be a leader to take us from the levels of cheese-paring ideas to the upland of genial creation. From him, and partly, as we have seen, in virtue of his defects, we may learn that it is composition and mass that really count in picture, novel, or pediment. Withal—again by reason of his defects—Claude is a most available guide. What heights he reached, although troubled by a certain weakness of heart! Some such vantage point surely must be accessible to those of us who boast of our temperament, if only we can subordinate it to a fine and purposeful intelligence. We need, in short, to look inward towards the springs of vision, and concern ourselves less with doing. Long before Claude, the ordeal of the artist was suggested in the words, "As a man thinkth in his heart, so is he." When an artist thinketh nothing in his heart, the art, whatever its specious appearance or repute, will be—according.

THE CHILD'S LIBRARY.

As the season for publishing children's Christmas books sets in, we note again a pamphlet, artistically printed and designed, entitled "The Child's Own Library: A Guide to Parents." Ambiguous though the sub-title may seem, the purpose of this publication by the Brooklyn Library is heartily to be approved. "This list has been compiled," we read, "in answer to a demand frequently made upon this library by parents and friends of boys and girls who desire to present their young people with the best of books, yet who realize the snares laid for purchasers in the enormous yearly output of mediocre 'juveniles' and in the glittering bargain-book counters of the department store." Included in the catalogue of "The Child's Own Library" one finds, not books of science and art and history, but the "books of power"—to apply De Quincey's phrase to these children's classics. There are sixty titles in all, among them the Kate Greenaway books; Hans Christian Andersen, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"; Kingsley and Bunyan and "The Arabian Nights." It would be pleasant for grown-ups to linger over some of the books, in the spirit of Hazlitt re-reading old favorites in maturity. But the real subject is the Child's Own Library, and how it is made up.

The old recipe was simple enough. It was, as those of us remember who read, as children, books especially prepared for us, a matter of writing down to the proper level. Instead of taking his readers up into a hill country, with widening horizons, the manufacturer of juveniles felt it his obligation to sink himself to the supposed ineptitude of the untrained mind. Hawthorne was among the first to permit his theme to soar, "whenever such was its tendency." He wrote in a preface of 1851 that "children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high, in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple." They are bewildered only by the artificial, the complex. With what dismay must Hawthorne's calm assertions have struck the juvenile-purvey-

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ors, the international brotherhood of Berquins! And yet perhaps they fancied him no real adversary; only a misguided enthusiast, who had stepped out of the House of the Seven Gables by mistake. If so, time has proved them wrong.

Hawthorne's principle was to rise with his subject. Probably Anatole France knows Hawthorne only by reputation, and for his greater tales: it is not to be supposed that he ever read the sentences we have quoted from one of Hawthorne's prefaces. And yet they agree so perfectly in this matter, the New Englander of yesterday and to-day's French cosmopolitan, that the slave to the parallel-column method of criticism would be tempted to allege a borrowing. It is the simple truth that men's feelings have changed on this subject of juveniles: a new kind of books *pour la jeunesse* is now demanded, in France as here at home. When the maker of "Le Livre de mon ami" wrote that children resent a writer's attempt to enter their own peculiar kingdom, but call for admittance to the wider world of the adult, he was expressing his own thought. And this little piece of child-psychology explains why books like Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, however exquisite, rarely appeal to children. Something of artifice repels them, though their elders accept it freely. Old-fashioned books of generous sentiment—"Lord Fauntleroy" and other Victorian child-romances—they do not refuse. The ultimate requirement is the child in a grown-up world, not the adult in the children's palace of youth. In nature-books and the like, the case is only slightly altered. If grown-ups count for little in Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Books," one has a world of other non-childish characters: Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and the forest brotherhood.

The writer of books for children must not condescend. His task is not to be thought of as a bit of relaxation. To have something to say, to say it without artifice, without complexity, is his problem. Nor is it a case of inventing a "special style." Anatole France, who writes so delightfully of his own childhood, has set down all the really expressible specifications. "Think well," he counsels; "write well; give life to everything you write, and let it be powerful, broad, big." Most of the books published this autumn will doubtless fail to stand these tests; but what of that? Also, the fact remains that the best books for children are the books written for men and women; not, of course, *all* the books written for them, but those neither over-written nor over-subtilized. Boys there are who have enjoyed their elders' "Don Quixote" and Cooper. Boys have got as much pleasure as any one out of "Robinson Crusoe"; yet that was a book composed for gravest merchants, and bearded sailormen detained in port. The nucleus of the Child's Own Library is a precious heritage that was his father's before him. The books most unquestionably good for children are good for all the world.

NOTES FROM SWITZERLAND.

NEUCHÂTEL, October 21.

The new University of Neuchâtel was inaugurated with some ceremony on October 19, when Prof. Arthur Piaget was installed as rector. By the authority of the Neuchâtel government, and with an increased endowment, the old "Academy" now assumes a more ambitious name. A faculty of medicine is still wanting; but as there are several hospitals in or near the town, it seems probable that this department of the university will soon be equipped. This makes a fifth Swiss institution of the kind: the others are at Bâle, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Zürich, and Fribourg.

Neuchâtel has for many years been a favorite centre of education. It has, in addition to its Collège Latin, a large school of commerce which attracts many students from England and Germany, as well as from Russia, and even from Cuba. Americans are conspicuous by their absence. The town literally bristles with *pensionnats* for boys and girls. There is an excellent and well-managed public library. The French spoken by the educated class is not inferior to that of Geneva.

At the opening of the new university, there were no representatives of foreign institutions. The proceedings began with the delivery of an elaborate address from the rector and senate of the University of Geneva. After congratulatory speeches by a councillor of state and by Meckenstock, the vice-rector, Dr. Piaget made an inaugural address on "The Library of the Counts of Neuchâtel." It was rather too academic for such an occasion; but the new rector is also a professor of history, and it was perhaps fitting that he should discuss the literary traditions of Neuchâtel from the days of Philippe le Bon and the Burgundian dominion. Unfortunately, he spoke not of the books themselves, but only of an inventory found in the château here. This inventory mentions a number of early editions, such as the works of Aristotle, of St. Augustine, and the Decameron, all of the fourteenth century. There are now in the library remnants of the ancient collection—fragments of Bibles, missals, and romances of the Round Table, beside a number of curious old bindings.

After this antiquarian discourse, the festivities usual on such occasions took place. There was a "banquet" on the beautiful terrace which overlooks the town and the lake. There were congratulatory speeches and, of course, many reminiscences. In the evening a grand *Commers* was held. To this came in procession a long procession of students of Neuchâtel, past and present. The two chief corps of the Swiss universities, the Zofingiens and the Bellelettriens, made a brave display. Some of them were on horseback; and all wore their colored caps and other insignia. There was much military music, and a profusion of banners. The procession, in spite of the torches and enthusiasm, was not so interesting as are functions of this kind in Germany. But the Swiss have a great liking for pageants. Among the floats were three representing the discovery of the North Pole. One of these was an elaborate globe with Peary perched on top holding the Stars and Stripes, the singular blue and red of which were a marvel to one's patriotic soul.

Even if Switzerland has already too many universities, it must be acknowledged that, for those who wish to work, Neuchâtel is an ideal academic town. Its quiet streets remind one of Philadelphia in its less degenerate days. It is singularly free from drinking-places and low resorts. Its theatre, although built apparently to cremate the audience in case of fire, gives performances well-adapted to the morals of the British and German maidens who come to study French amid strait-laced and economical surroundings. All who know Northern Switzerland can recall the fine environments of the town. The graceful Gothic spires of the Collegiate Church, and the ancient tower of the château rise above the blue lake across which appear the white summits of the Bernese Oberland. In the direction of Geneva can be seen the jagged ridge of the Dents du Midi; and still farther to the south, Mont Blanc shows itself like a white cloud above the intervening hills.

The old Neuchâtel Academy, which forms the nucleus of the new foundation, has a peculiar relationship to two sister universities in America—Harvard and Princeton. To the former it gave Agassiz; to the latter, Guyot. Collections and books, maps, and busts show that these men of science are not forgotten here.

By the death at Geneva of the palæontologist, Perceval de Loriol le Fort, the public and university library there

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has acquired a collection of rare and valuable books and plates relating to the Protestant Reformation, including many fugitive publications and controversial pamphlets chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The bequest comes rather strangely from one whose main work had been in natural science. The remainder of his library and some palæontological collections of considerable importance were left to the Geneva Museum.

The cathedral at Lausanne, destroyed by fire in the twelfth century, but rebuilt in the thirteenth, has been undergoing a thorough restoration according to plans of Viollet-le-Duc. After passing into the hands of the Protestants, the church by the dismantling of the sanctuary lost much of its original beauty. But aside from the fine Gothic interior there are two things which have given the cathedral wide celebrity: the finely carved wooden stalls in the choir, and the splendid rose window. The latter, however, fell into a deplorable state, owing chiefly to the negligence of the Lausanne authorities. About twenty-five years ago a committee on restoration decided to reconstruct the window. All the glass was removed, carefully arranged, and then replaced by Eduard Hosch, a Bernese artist. But to make the work successful, it was found necessary to effect a radical reconstruction of the entire façade of the church. The work has lately been completed. The result is that the splendor of the old window reappears; and its colors of extraordinary brilliancy illuminate every part of the cathedral. The design is an *Imago Mundi*. The sun and moon, the four seasons, the twelve months, the signs of the zodiac, the rivers of paradise, and the winds are represented by allegorical figures; while a religious touch is added by an image of Jesus appearing to John the Baptist. The window always provoked the admiration of connoisseurs, and is now a fitting decoration of the severe interior, making the Lausanne church one of the finest in Switzerland.

A Swiss Saul has appeared among the minor prophets of Christian Science. Professor Dubois of Berne, whose work, "Les Psychonévroses," has just reached a second edition, speaks a good word for Mrs. Eddy's methods. Although an agnostic, Dubois regards the Christian Science method as a species of his own which he calls "moral treatment." He employs it chiefly in functional diseases, and claims for it remarkable results. The dispute between Dubois and the hypnotic school of Nancy has already been noticed in the *Nation*, and is as keen as ever. But the latest attack on Dubois and defence of the hypnotic against the moral treatment of disease is a monograph, "La Suggestion hypnotique et la psychothérapie actuelle," by Dr. Bonjour of Lausanne, who not only assails Dubois's methods, but casts doubt upon his results. Dubois is a seceder from the hypnotizing school of Nancy, having been a disciple of Bernheim, and now argues that hypnotic treatment is dangerous and even immoral. Bonjour, who writes logically and vigorously, maintains that Dubois's "moral treatment" differs only in degree from hypnotic suggestion, and seeks to prove by statistics that the latter is far more effective.

Those who like to sup on horrors should read a realistic novel lately published at Lausanne (Payot et Cie.). It is entitled "Jean-Luc persécuté" and is by C. F. Ramuz. The scene is laid high up in the Valaisian Alps, and the book abounds in graphic descriptions of life in that region. As for the story, it is the narrative of an unhappy peasant *ménage*, told in quaint and very simple language. The wife is unfaithful, the husband becomes insane, and the dénouement of the tragedy is fire, murder, and suicide. It is by no means a "penny thriller." The author knows Valais and its peasantry well. Almost at the same time with the publication of this novel, appeared a beautifully printed and illustrated account by the same author of life in that picturesque district, which tourists as a rule know only as they pass along its *grandes routes* during the summer months. A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

More than once reference has been made in this column to important manuscript acquisitions of Stephen H. Wakeman. Now we have to chronicle the sale of these manuscripts through George S. Hellman to J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Wakeman began purchasing the books and manuscripts of the great American authors less than ten years ago, and in this short period he has brought together the most notable collection within its limits that has ever been formed. Mr. Morgan already possessed a number of manuscripts of American authors, notable among them being Holmes's "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," Lowell's "A Year's Life," and Emerson's "Representative Men"; and this new addition makes his collection unapproachable. The Hawthorne manuscripts are by far the largest body of these in existence, the entire manuscript of "The Blithedale Romance" being the most important single item. This passed in 1897 from the possession of the Ticknor family, the publishers, and was bought by the late Bishop John F. Hurst, who, however, never had it in his possession. All the time of his ownership it rested in the safe of the New York booksellers from whom he secured it, and who later purchased it from him at a large advance, reselling it to Mr. Wakeman. The manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter" was destroyed, excepting only the title-page and table of contents, a single leaf, which was preserved by Mr. Bigelow of the University Press, where the book was put into type. From his family it passed into the Hawthorne collection of George M. Williamson, whose manuscripts were sold at auction in 1904. Two other Hawthorne manuscripts were acquired at the same sale, "Feather-top" (20 pages), and "The Ancestral Footstep" (88 pages). But the bulk of the Hawthorne collection came directly from the family through the intermediary of one or more booksellers. This comprises the original journals or diaries from which selections were made by Mrs. Hawthorne for the "American Note Books," the "English Note Books," and the "French and Italian Note Books." These thirteen volumes include much unpublished material. Some day, no doubt, they will be printed entire, as written. A commonplace book and three private diaries from which some selections were made for the "Hawthorne and His Wife" are also included, as also the manuscripts of Hawthorne's later novels: "Septimius Felton" (three different drafts of 88, 90, and 57 pages, besides two series of notes for the story); "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (two different drafts, one of 78 and one of 47 pages), and portions of "The Dolliver Romance."

The Thoreau collection is next in importance to the Hawthorne. Thoreau's manuscripts were bequeathed by his sister, Sophia, who died in 1876, to H. G. O. Blake. On his death they passed into the possession of E. H. Russell of Worcester. The diaries or journals consist of thirty-nine volumes enclosed in a wooden case made for them by Thoreau himself. Besides these journals, Mr. Wakeman secured many other Thoreau manuscripts, among them eleven volumes (between two and three thousand pages) of extracts from various authors on the life and customs of the American Indians, copied out by Thoreau, with comments.

Among the Poe manuscripts is a large fragment of "Tamerlane," differing very materially from the poem as first printed in 1827, and undoubtedly an earlier draft. This manuscript was formerly in the collection of Bishop Hurst. One of the few existing specimens of Poe's tales in manuscript, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," was formerly in the Williamson collection. The most important of all, the manuscript of his play, "Politian," in large part unpublished, was described in the *Nation* of September 5, 1907. It was formerly in the possession of John H. Ingram, the English editor of Poe's works, although it passed from his hands many years ago. Mr. Morgan already possessed autograph manuscripts of "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," and a portion (all extant) of "The Raven."

The Whittier manuscripts also comprise the largest body of his writing extant. For the most part they come from Whittier's literary executor and biographer, Samuel T. Pickard. They comprise about fifty poems, many early drafts, besides letters and prose pieces.

The other great authors are represented, but necessarily to less extent. The Longfellow manuscripts are still in the possession of the family and are likely to go ultimately to Harvard University, which already possesses the bulk of Lowell's manuscripts. Mr. Wakeman, however, was able to secure several manuscript poems in Longfellow's autograph, and two poems by Lowell.

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Emerson's manuscripts are for the most part preserved in Concord, and there is an agreement among his children that none of his books or manuscripts shall be sold without the consent of all of them, this agreement to be continued to future generations. As already stated, Mr. Morgan owned the manuscript of "Representative Men"; he has now added from Mr. Wakeman's collection the manuscripts of several important essays, including "Eloquence," "Considerations by the Way," and "Progress and Culture," as well as one poem, "The Titmouse."

Holmes destroyed most of his manuscripts, and Bryant's work was in large part journalistic, but the Wakeman collection includes fine specimens in both verse and prose of these two authors.

On the afternoon of November 8 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of Americana, including Champlain's "Voyages" (1640), lacking the map; Trumbull's "History of Connecticut" (1818), Hazard's "Historical Collections" (1792), uncut; Colden's "Five Indian Nations of Canada" (1750); Proud's "History of Pennsylvania" (1797), uncut; and various items on the discovery and settlement of the West, captivities, local history, etc.

On November 9, afternoon and evening, they will sell the most extensive series of imprints from Horace Walpole's private press at Strawberry Hill, and Walpoliana generally, ever offered at a sale in this country. The collection was formed by Lewis Buddy, 3d, while he was the proprietor of the Kirgate Press, one of the most praiseworthy of the numerous private presses which were in operation all over the country eight or ten years ago. The press at Strawberry Hill, established in a cottage near his home and carried on under the direction first of William Robinson and later of Thomas Kirgate, as practical printer, was one of Walpole's chief amusements during the latter years of his life. Besides the seventy-seven lots belonging to Mr. Buddy, described under Walpole, the catalogue includes long series of first editions of Oscar Wilde and Richard Le Gallienne, publications of the Caxton Club of Chicago, several Aldines and Elzevirs, and other interesting titles.

On November 10 they sell a small collection, including some much-sought titles, among which "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Salisbury, 1766); "Paradise Lost" (1668), with the fourth title page; "Paradise Regained" (1671); Gray's "Odes" (1751); and Spenser's "Fowre Hymns" (1596), "The Faerie Queene" (1596), and "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1597); Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote" (1620); and Montaigne's "Essaies" (1588), are the most notable.

On November 9, 10, and 11, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a miscellaneous collection, including first editions, publications of the Grolier Club. literary sets, etc.

On November 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London dispose of the library of the late John Mitchell Marshall, which comprises an extensive collection of books illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, together with original water color and pencil drawings, and several autograph letters of Thomas Bewick. Among other books in the sale we note the first edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," Lilford's "Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands," seven volumes (1885-97), and a few first editions of Dickens.

On November 29 and 30 they sell a collection containing many French books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mostly in fine bindings, old herbals in English and French, rare works on music, English dramatists and poets, fine art works, etc

Correspondence.

MR. CRANE'S INDISCRETION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of October 21, entitled "Red-Hot Diplomacy," it is possible that you have done an injustice to Mr. C. R. Crane. Your central point is that he was guilty of an indiscretion, in that "he talked too freely with a newspaper reporter about State Department secrets in connection with our relations with Japan and China." This is a serious charge by a journal of the standing of the *Nation*. Possibly you may have evidence on this point not known to others; but, after looking into the case myself carefully, it does not seem that the evidence will support the claim of an indiscretion. You say "Mr. Crane's indiscretion is not denied by him." I think what you call the indiscretion of talking too freely about State Department secrets is flatly denied by Mr. Crane. He admits that he was asked certain questions by a newspaper reporter, and that he gave certain answers, but he expressly states that "the publication referred to did not mention my name, nor in my judgment would it have been a mistake if the Department of State had not chosen to vouch for its accuracy and give to it an official significance by its own conduct. It certainly contained nothing of substance that was not matter of common knowledge or deducible by any competent newspaper reporter from facts commonly known." If it should appear that any well-informed Washington correspondent could have written the now-offending article without having a word from Mr. Crane, it would be clear that Mr. Crane exercised due diplomatic reserve in this case, as he admittedly had in hundreds of other interviews. It is obvious that the newspaper world, from the time of Mr. Knox's sensational telegram recalling Mr. Crane from San Francisco to a certain later date never thought of connecting his recall with the article which was regarded as common property by writers of the press. Moreover, there is no evidence that Mr. Taft even regarded the article itself—no matter from whom it came—as important. If you will canvass the best of the Washington correspondents it will be found that they believed any one of them could have written the article, so far as its contents was concerned. Moreover, Mr. Crane had only a very brief interview with the writer of the article, just as he was leaving Washington, September 24. I believe an impartial examination of the evidence will show that Mr. Crane was not guilty even of a technical indiscretion.

Those who have known Mr. Crane for many years have always been impressed by his reserve and discretion, in business matters, in the delicate affairs of municipal politics (in which he was an efficient leader), and in his personal relations with distinguished men and diplomats of other countries with whom he had intimate connections. The report of an indiscretion of this sort belies the whole past reputation of the man, and is incredible to the best men in this community. It is stating a commonplace to say that the management of our foreign affairs has been badly "queered" in this whole region; and that the barbarous treatment of Mr. Crane is regarded as an affront to the city and to its business men, and that its effect must inevitably be to discourage those who are not professional politicians from accepting public service.

Then why should the rattled State Department have made such an extraordinary noise about the affair? It is not just, doubtless, to assign motives in such a case. But suppose that the Secretary were wilful, and touchy at not having been sufficiently consulted in this appointment, and possibly touchy at the intimate personal relations which seem to have been established between Mr. Crane and President Taft; suppose that Japanese interests realized that a man as strong as Mr. Crane at Peking would be difficult to handle; suppose these interests were fully aware of Mr. Crane's intimate knowledge of Japanese affairs during the war with Russia; suppose they grasped the importance to Japanese credit and bonds of the necessity of getting an increasingly stronger hold on Manchuria as a means of enlarging their industries and their sources of taxation; suppose these interests were influential in our financial markets; suppose that Japanese diplomacy and these financial forces wished to defeat the probable pro-American and pro-Chinese influence of Mr. Crane at Peking; suppose they raised the cry of "jingo" war-talk—then, under all these suppositions, might we not explain the curious action of the State Department? We may not insist that these suppositions have any basis; but they would explain every step in the unfortunate affair. They would explain why, at a late day, the interview was made an excuse for a calculated scheme to unhorse Mr. Crane. As the matter comes to be better understood, may it not be followed by a general exasperation at the extent to which a foreign country can carry its intrigues even to the pass of trying to humiliate a distinguished citizen of our own land? In this part of the world it is already clear that the Administration, and not Mr. Crane, has suffered. A few more Winona speeches, a few more defences of the Aldrich-Cannon combination, a few more such bulls by the State Department, and the next House of Representatives ought to pass into the control of the Opposition.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN.

Chicago, October 23.

[Mr. Crane's exact language was: "A brief conversation of mine with a newspaper representative contributed to the publication by him of a discussion of this agreement"—*i. e.*, between China and Japan; also: "As I was hurriedly leaving Washington a representative of an important paper asked me about the China-Japan agreement and I said the matter was under consideration . . . and I may have said that obviously no

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statement would be prepared in the absence of Mr. Hoyt."—Ed. Nation.]

CONCERNING GREEN EYES AND GLASS SLIPPERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it possible to find any connection between green eyes and glass slippers? A little gossip may perhaps throw some light on this problem.

If to-day a British or American lover in praising the beauty of his beloved one declared that she had green eyes it would not seem to most of us an attractive portrait, and the lady, even if favorably disposed to him, might possibly think that he had sacrificed politeness on the altar of truth. There are some exceptions as we shall see, but since Shakespeare spoke of "green-eyed jealousy" emerald-tinted organs of vision have become almost impossible for attractive English-speaking damsels. Yet Dante's Beatrice had eyes which are likened to emerald. And in the modern languages of the Latin races green eyes are not held to be incongruous with either masculine or feminine beauty. Alain Morsang describing a Breton peasant girl, who is the heroine of his story, speaks of her green eyes smiling on her lover ("La Petite Yvonne dont les yeux verts lui souriaient"). There is a song by René Niverd which has been translated by R. H. Elkin. The French poet says:

> Tes yeux malicieux
> Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.

The English translator instinctively feels that this "will never do," and therefore renders it:

> The glint of your clear eyes
> Is as the light the emerald flashes.

This may be true to the spirit, but it is not faithful to the letter, for the French poet speaks not of the emerald's flash, but of the emerald's color. In Arsène Houssaye's story "Les Filles d'Eve" one of the three sisters whose history is recorded has "les yeux verts." This fact indeed plays an important part in the narrative of the tragic death of M. de Parfondval. Musidora, the heroine of Théophile Gautier's "Fortunio," has green eyes, and the fact is frequently mentioned. Alfred de Musset, in his "Namouna," has the phrase:

> Sur les bras du jeune homme et sur ses pieds d'ivoire.
> La naïade aux yeux verts pleurait en le quittant.

Mme. du Deffand describes Voltaire as having "petits yeux vert de mer." To La Fontaine Minerva is "la déesse aux yeux verts." Clement Marot describes Venus as having green eyes, and Ronsard speaks of the water-nymphs in the same way,

> Vairs ot les oils e mult fier le visage ("Roman de Troie," 5157.)
>
> Les yex ot plus vairs c'uns faucons ("Roman de la Rose," 533.)

There has been discussion as to the precise meaning of the phrase. No doubt it was sometimes held to refer to the piercing or shining quality of the glance, but in other cases it is quite clearly a color adjective. The passage from the "Roman de la Rose" is rendered by the old English translation:

> Hir yen grey as is a faucon.

Froissart describes that mediæval ruffian Gaston Phoebus, Comte de Foix—one of whose murders was that of his own son—as the handsomest man he had seen; and he had green eyes from which there came from time to time loving glances! This beautiful gentleman varied his atrocities by hunting, of which he was so enthusiastic a devotee that it drew him into literature. He was also most punctilious in his religious observances. In Old-French the phrase "yeux verts" is one of the commonest in describing the eyes of a beautiful woman; indeed so common that it became a mere convention.

Green eyes are found in Iberian lands. Thus José Rivera Indarte, a South American poet, puts into the mouths of the courtiers of Belshazzar these words:

> Los verdes ojos del rey
> Parecen dos esmeraldas,
> La purpura de la rosa
> Sus rojos labios no iguala.

And in old Spain there is in the description given by Cervantes of the gypsy girl Preciosa, a phrase which may have suggested to Victor Hugo the name of Esmeralda for his Romany maiden in "Notre Dame." For Doña Clara says: "Este sí que se puede decir cabello de oro: estos sí que son ojos de esmeraldas."

Longfellow has taken the same name of Preciosa for his gypsy girl in the "Spanish Student." Victorian describes her as

> A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
> Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
> In evening skies.

Green was thought to be a hygienic color, and for this reason, as we are told by Isidore of Seville, the ancient libraries were paved with marble of that color. Dr. W. H. Engelmann states that the Portuguese and the Spaniards have a special word for a woman with green eyes. It is *zarca* and is borrowed from the Arabic. This precise meaning, however, does not appear in the ordinary dictionaries.

Nor are green eyes altogether unknown to English poets.

Don Adriano de Armado tells us that "Green indeed is the color of lovers" ("Love's Labour's Lost," Act 1, Sc. 2). This is not Shakespeare's only reference, for the Nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," declares

> An eagle, madam,
> Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
> As Paris hath.

Swinburne also, in his "Felise," says

> O lips that mine have grown into,
> Like April's kissing May.
> O fervid eyelids, letting through
> Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
> The bluest of things grey.

Such references are not so common in English as in French literature.

But the Old-French *vair* had another meaning in addition to that which has been described. It was the name of a particular kind of fur—that of a species of squirrel called *vair*. This fur, which was dove-colored above and white underneath, is now known as *petit gris*, as we learn from Littré. The peasants are represented by de Joinville as saying: "Ils sont fourrés de vairs et de gris, et nous sommes vestus de povres draps." Thus we have:

> *vair*, a kind of fur, and
> *vair*, green, or piercing
> *verre*, glass.

And to this identity or approximation of sound the English Cinderella and the German Aschenbrödel owe the famous glass slippers.

Cinderella's fragile foot-wear must have been a difficulty to many children. But if glass slippers are not comfortable for a ball-room, fur or furred slippers do not seem very appropriate for dancing. Cinderella's story had no doubt been long current orally before it was written down by Perrault. Is it just possible that the real word should be *vert*? If green is a beautiful color for a lady's eye it cannot be an ugly one for her dancing shoes.

And thus we see that there is a possible connection between green eyes and glass slippers.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, October 12.

DEMOCRACY AND LEARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Webster's communication in the *Nation* of October 21 on "Science and Inaugurations" raises once again the interesting question whether our college and university life is necessarily less free than that of other countries. The quotation from Angelo Mosso's "La Democrazia nella Religione e nella Scienza," was especially to the point. That author says that no one expects to find real freedom in an American university! Is this true?

I call attention to this statement of Mosso not to air any personal views, but in the hope of eliciting the opinions of others who have had opportunity for wider experience in our academic life. The functions and powers of American college presidents, to which Professor Webster refers, are, at least, not difficult to account for; and one is not puzzled to understand how a leading university president could speak to a European audience last summer of the "poor college professor." But why Europeans should think there is little *academische Freiheit* in the United States, is a matter of more concern. It implies a criticism which goes to the very heart of our American life.

Is it the case that in a democracy, if there be such a thing, the wealthy and the privileged classes identify themselves with the university life—not as professors, but as trustees or benefactors, both of State and privately endowed institutions—and otherwise assume the position of authority which in monarchies of the older kind is occupied by the court or its hangers-on? In England, the universities have always been hostile to reforms and nearly always friendly to the court; in Germany, the university asserts its position as against both court and aristocracy; in Italy, it is the seed plot of Socialism; with us the academic life is said to be a bulwark of conservatism. If these statements are true, shall we admit that in England and the United States, the great teachers, the scientists, will generally be found on the side of reaction, of restraint, of privilege?

One thing is certainly true, all the colleges of the South before 1860 were positively and aggressively on the side of slavery in the prolonged conflict which ended in war; and I believe it is correct to say that nearly all of the schools of the North were opposed to Lincoln and the party of reform in 1861; and few will deny that the overwhelming majority of university and college men were, and still remain, indifferent or hostile to the reform movement of 1896.

This brings us back to the query: Is expert opinion, trained thinking, necessarily opposed in democracies to the feelings and

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aspirations of the masses, who, in the final analysis, pay the bills, whereas in aristocratic societies, the reverse is true? It should seem to be so; and for the avowed reason that some one must "take care," some one conserve the heritage of the past, say what is true and what is "good form." If there be no king, we must create one. As Professor Mosso says, "where liberty is greatest, there tryanny is greatest." If this is the case, do we not run a very much greater risk of discord and civil war than the Germans whose teachers hold nothing quite so sacred as their privilege—and this privileged status, not high salaries, is what gives them their authority—to "say their minds" on all proper occasions?

How is democracy to get the greatest good from learning and from highly trained minds? Can we, for example, build up a public sentiment like that which supported Mommsen in his famous fight with Bismarck, a sentiment which will guarantee the greatest possible freedom to the best thinkers? How shall we attain a freedom independent of environment, of large endowments, of social fashion, and of popular feeling, so that a college teacher may publicly avow socialistic views in the South or vote the Democratic ticket in the North? Such liberty exercised with scholarly balance and with the firmness of real learning might be a priceless boon to us in the way of avoiding revolutions or wars like that of 1861. WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago, October 25.

"THERE IS NO PEACE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 23 you publish a letter from Mr. Edward Ginn, in which he sets forth an elaborate proposal for the founding of a school of international peace. As a Hindu, I cannot but view with joy the progress that the world is making towards large and noble humanitarian ideals. But as an Indian Nationalist, I beg permission to record a most emphatic and unqualified protest against a proposal that is dishonest, immoral, and subversive of all true humanitarianism. Peace and humanity, sir, are words indulged in by Saxon, Latin, and mongrel races as a cloak beneath which to conceal their aggressive militarism, their spread-eagle imperialism. Being free and independent themselves, they seek to support each other, by pretensions of mutual amity, in the work of robbery and vandalism that they have accomplished at the expense of "weaker" races. But the fact remains that there are subject races groaning under the tyranny of unscrupulous alien despots. There are the Irish, the Poles, the Indians, the Egyptians, and the Africans that have yet to be emancipated to take their proper place in the work of the world. And so long as their subjection continues we shall destroy every vestige of international peace in the Old and the New World, until every country shall be free, independent, and self-governing.

Peace and Humanity are very different things from this European cant of peace and humanity—born of colossal ignorance, unfathomable irreligiousness, unscrupulous selfishness, and inordinate conceit. There can be no peace until every race now subject shall have trod the red road to national freedom by the ruthless destruction of all tyranny and despotism. Not until there is national independence and international equality can we allow any talk of international peace and the abandonment of the horrors of war.

VIRENDRANATH CHATTOPÁDHYÁYA.

London, October 15.

SOPHIE JEWETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sophie Jewett was almost a member of my family from her childhood, and her life and the plans she cherished for future work are well known to me. For this reason only, I beg to add a few lines to your brief and appreciative notice of her in a recent number.

Ad carmina condenda nata, her poetic feeling found expression throughout her childhood. More than one of the poems in "The Pilgrim" were written before she was twenty. She was only a few years older when she wrote "To-day's Daughter" for a Smith College commencement. During more than twenty years her poems, and quite recently her prose, have been appearing in the periodicals. Her poetic gift enriched her teaching. She was, too, an eager student; a frequenter of the libraries of Oxford and London, Rome and Florence, no less than of Boston. Milton's solecism, "fairest of all her daughters," might be applied to her by a slight change, "most devoted of all her students." Yet she brought more than erudition to her Wellesley College classroom, and there was always something creative in her interpretation of poetry.

Miss Jewett's ready wit and her literary enthusiasm were never more brilliant than during the last months of her life. She had just published her masterly translation of "The Pearl" from the middle English into stanzas of the original complicated form and reiterated rhyme. She was at work on the transcription and translation of representative groups of folk-ballads in Romance languages and dialects. She might have added a few other ballads, but the collection as it stands is complete, and material is left for introduction and notes. This book will be published at an early day. Another piece of unfinished work is her translation of D'Annunzio's "The Daughter of Jorio." Extended passages are completed.

All of her critics have spoken of the wide range of her poetry. Her descriptive poems reproduce with vivid fidelity the very colors and sounds of nature, and the familiar outlines of the cities she loved:

I see the far, fair city swim
Through mists of memory bright yet dim
Shining, even as it shone of old
Through Arno's haze of subtile gold,
By witchery
Of distance, light and evening spun.
Tall cypresses against the sun
Distinct I see,
Defiling darkly up the hill,
As when we wandered at our will
In Italy.

Splendid notes of indignation, courage, and faith are sounded in the poem "To Catherine Breshkovsky" (published two days after Miss Jewett's death), and in the ode which commemorates "the story of the Narva Gate." Even more characteristic are the poems which express an abiding consciousness of the endlessness of love and the victory of life over death. One finds this feeling in the rondeau, "If Spirits Walk," and in the lyric of simpler form, "Tasting the Wine of Death":

Tasting the wine of death he found it sweet;
Drank deeper draughts and only smiled the more;
As if he touched the hand that held the cup,
As if he saw the Christ look down on him,
Content he whispered, "Lord, I drink to Thee."

WOLCOTT CALKINS.

Newton, Mass., October 29.

"THE WAY TO RESUMPTION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial note, October 14, on abolishing tips, you allude to "Horace Greeley's maxim," "The way to resumption is to resume." Was not Salmon P. Chase the true author of the phrase? It occurs in a letter from Chase to Greeley, dated May 17, 1866, which can be found in Schucker's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 410 (D. Appleton & Co., 1874).

NATHAN J. MILLER.

New York, October 25.

Literature.

"OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS."

Recollections of a Long Life. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With Additional Extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

Byron: The Last Phase. By Richard Edgcumbe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The books that Hobhouse published in his lifetime are now well forgotten, nor do we commonly stop to think that the elaborate notes to "Childe Harold" were from his pen. He is remembered as the friend of Byron, who travelled with his lordship in his first long journey to the East. Yet Hobhouse was a man of some note in his day, was fairly effective in Parliament, and a supporter of more than one beneficent reform. As early as 1817 (he was born in 1786) George Ticknor, who met him in Venice, speaks of him as one "who, after a youth of dissipation, has now become a severe student." The two volumes here edited by his daughter, and published (in London) by the descendant of Byron's "My Murray," are made up of selections from a vast mass of papers—autobiographical records, diaries, books, etc.—and bring his life down to 1822; there are indications that other volumes are to follow.

It must be confessed that as a whole these pages are pretty thin reading, being filled out with the ordinary "dined here," "went there," "met so-and-so," which a man records for his own memory and not for the world. The account of the first journey with Byron, for instance, is particularly jejune. Here and there a good anecdote slips in, such as the remark of Schlegel (Heine's "Au-

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gust Wilhelm") to Madame de Staël's complaint that German literature was on the decline: "Quoi, Madame, vous osez dire ça du pays de Frederick Schlegel devant William Schlegel!" Here and there, too, we get a glimpse of the older society, such as this curious comment on the narrowness, the family exclusiveness, so to speak, of eighteenth-century England:

> Lord Holland told that such was the aversion formerly to foreigners that old Meynell said one day, after the American peace was made, "I wish we were all safe and at war again." Lady Holland mentioned, she remembers, when it used to be said on the invitation cards: "No foreigners dine with us."

But altogether the most interesting sections of the book are the chapter that gives Hobhouse's impressions of Napoleon at Paris during the Hundred Days, and the vindication of Byron written after the divorce. Napoleon was Hobhouse's hero; he misses no opportunity of recording what he hears of the great man, including a really extraordinary conversation between the prisoner in Elba and John Macnamara; and after the escape hurries over to Paris, in defiance of all his friends' warnings, to see the Emperor face to face. His portrait gives the usual traits, picked out with considerable vivacity. Evidently, he gazed at Napoleon with a whole-souled curiosity which even that commander of men found a little embarrassing, for twice it is recorded that Napoleon withdrew his gaze. But there is something more than the curiosity of the idle sightseer in Hobhouse's feeling. The awe and tragedy of power are not often more finely expressed than in these words:

> I positively found my eyes moistened at the sight of the world's wonder—the same admiration of great actions which has often made me cry at a trait of Greek or Roman virtue caused this weakness; but I do not know that if Napoleon had not then stood before me as the man against whom all Europe was rising, and as the single individual to dethrone whom, or rather to destroy, a million of men were rising to arms from the banks of the Tanais to the Thames, that I should have felt such a sensation. No; there was something of pity, however unreasonable and unnecessary perhaps, which made me look upon him with such gratification and melancholy delight. Add besides the reflection of his recent exploit, the most wonderful of all his actions, and I am not astonished or ashamed at having experienced such feelings at the sight of the man who has played the most extraordinary, gigantic part of any human being in ancient and modern times.

But by far the most important section of these two volumes is the long concluding chapter which contains a detailed account of Lord and Lady Byron's unfortunate marriage and quarrel. The document was written by Hobhouse in 1816, immediately after the divorce, as a justification of his friend, to be published in case any attempt were made to fasten upon him the crimes which were not only the common scandal of the day, but the unavowed cause of Lady Byron's action. Though no allusion is made by the present editor to the infamous "Astarte" privately circulated in 1905 by the late Lord Lovelace (Byron's grandson) but everywhere discussed, it may be supposed that its attempt to prove the old charges against Mrs. Leigh are the occasion of the present publication, and of this renewal of the *infandum dolorem*. It should be premised that Hobhouse does not undertake to exculpate his friend of conduct which would justify Lady Byron in seeking a separation on grounds of incompatibility of temper. It is evident that Byron at that time, owing to pecuniary annoyances and to restlessness under the restraints of a marriage upon which he entered with misgivings, if not with repugnance, was in a state of excitement approaching phrensy. On that ill-fated day, January 15, 1816, when Lady Byron with her child left Byron's home to visit her parents, she believed, and was fairly justified in believing, that her husband was suffering from that form of mania (it is a common trick of hysteria) which turns its victims to hatred of those nearest and dearest to them. Throughout his life, as can be proved by abundant testimony, Byron affected a kind of diabolism which only amused his intimate friends; during his year of marriage he evidently displayed this trait to his humorless and unimaginative wife in the most exasperated manner. She thought it insanity; on being assured by medical counsel that he was morally responsible, she accepted his diabolism as a fact and was ready to believe any charge against him. She refused to return to him, and forced a separation. Hobhouse asserts positively that while his wife was with him Byron, with one passing exception of which Lady Byron was apparently ignorant, had given no statutable cause of divorce. She was forced, therefore, in applying to the Commons for separation, to place secretly in the hands of her "civilian," Dr. Lushington, what evidence she possessed of those charges of guilty connection with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, and of another crime which Hobhouse characterizes as "more enormous" but "less terrific," *i. e.*, less likely to be believed. Into the details of the affair we have no desire to enter. We believe that Hobhouse's document gives ample proof, if such proof were necessary, that these accusations, particularly the former, were unfounded. They seem, at least the former of them, to have sprung from the evil imagination and prying curiosity of Mrs. Clermont, the servant-friend, who lived with the Byrons in London, and whom Byron has sketched as

> Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
> Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.
> . . . . . .
> Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
> And festering in the infamy of years.

At first Byron sought to keep the quarrel out of the courts, but when, after much inquiry, he discovered the true nature of the charges against him, he took the advice of his friends and demanded complete legal investigation. He desisted from this demand only when Lady Byron appealed to him in a letter to forego; that letter is given in full by Hobhouse. Further, Wilmot secured the signature of Lady Byron to a paper stating that she had not spread the rumors injurious to Byron's character, and that neither of the two specified charges would have made part of her allegations in court. Lady Byron, indeed, cannot be exonerated from a certain taint of duplicity through the whole affair and through her subsequent conduct. As a single example, the letter (now first published) may be quoted which Lady Byron wrote to her husband the day after leaving him:

> DEAREST DUCK,—
> We got here quite well last night, and were ushered into the kitchen instead of drawing-room, by a mistake that might have been agreeable enough to hungry people. . . . [There is nothing in the printed text to indicate what these points signify.] Of this and other incidents Dad wants to write you a jocose account, and both he and Mam long to have the family party completed. . . . Such . . . ! and such a *sitting*-room or *sulking*-room, all to yourself. If I were not always looking about for B[yron] I should be a great deal better already for country air. *Miss* finds her provisions increased, and fattens thereon. It is a good thing she can't understand all the flattery bestowed upon her. "Little angel" . . . and I know not what. . . . Love to the good goose [their pet name for Mrs. Leigh], and everybody's love to you both from hence.
> Ever thy most loving,
> PIPPIN . . . PIP . . . IP.

It is not surprising that Byron was astounded when five or six days later, Lady Noel (his wife's mother) and Mrs. Clermont came to London to secure a separation between the couple. Lady Byron scarcely mended matters by stating, afterwards, that she had written the letter under a physician's advice to soothe Byron and save him from a paroxysm of madness. The abruptness of Lady Byron's change of front, despite her own explanation, is a mystery which has not been cleared up.

Two entries in the journals of George Ticknor show in a measure the fearful effect on Byron of his public disgrace. In the summer of 1815, the American traveller visited Byron and his wife in London, and records that his "manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month." In October of 1817, Ticknor was

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in Venice and was asked by Lord Byron to spend some days with him. The entry in the journal is brief and sufficient: "An invitation I, of course, felt no inclination to accept, in his present circumstances." Nor was Ticknor particularly Puritanic in his acquaintances.

It is the purpose of the first half of Mr. Edgcumbe's book to give a fuller account than has ever before been brought together of the last episode in Byron's life, which was a kind of redemption of those degraded Venetian years. It cannot be shown that Byron accomplished much for Greece beyond the encouragement lent by his great name to the Grecians and to their friends in England. Death cut him off too soon. But the documents collected by Mr. Edgcumbe do at least set his prudence and tact and humanity in a high light. Nothing, indeed, became his life like the leaving of it, and we regard this portion of Mr. Edgcumbe's work as a thoroughly desirable addition to the Byronic literature. Of the second section of his book, one must speak more cautiously. It is an avowed answer to Lord Lovelace's indiscretion, and if blame is to be properly distributed, the heavier share must fall on the shoulders of him who first reopened the whole scandalous debate. The negative part of Mr. Edgcumbe's argument seems to us fairly convincing; he has rescued Mrs. Leigh from the old infamy, but only by making her an accessory after the fact of an intrigue of Byron with the Mary Chaworth whom he loved as a boy, and from whom he has been supposed to have been entirely separated by her marriage to John Musters.

We cannot, for manifest reasons, go into all the details of this new theory. It has, however, important literary bearings which must be our excuse for touching its main points. In 1808-9, Byron, according to Mr. Edgcumbe, had not forgotten the Mary of his boyhood, but was seeing her at Annesley. Recognizing the danger of this intercourse and driven by her husband, she now avoided Byron, and during this time of separation (1811) the poet wrote to her the Thyrza poems, which have caused so much mystification. In 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Musters were estranged. At this time, Byron and she were again drawn together, and more intimately. On April 15, 1814, a child, Medora, was born to them, which Mrs. Leigh, then with Byron at Newstead (near Annesley), took as her own to prevent scandal. Mary repented bitterly of her fault and was afterwards reconciled with her husband. At the time of the divorce proceedings, she was driven temporarily, by fear of exposure, into a state of mental alienation. To shield her, Mrs. Leigh allowed the charges against herself to go unanswered.

The proofs of this story are in part flimsy; this must be admitted. Mr. Edgcumbe regrets "being unable more precisely to indicate the source of information," and in claiming unrevealed authority, he has, at least, this justification, that Lord Lovelace did not print the letters which would have made his argument, according to his own account, incontrovertible. One surmises that Mr. Edgcumbe has had access to documents preserved by the Leigh or Chaworth-Musters families. He has, on his side, indications that Byron's journal was destroyed because of its revelation of this secret; he draws also strong corroboration from the poems. Even "Manfred," which Lord Lovelace used as a support to his accusation, can be made to fit more perfectly into the new theory. On the whole, without being finally convinced of the part of Mr. Edgcumbe's story bearing on Mary Chaworth, we think that he has made out a strong case. It will be remembered that Moore, who had read Byron's journal and who otherwise was better acquainted than any other man with Byron's whole career, made this declaration in the Biography:

> It may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in his passions. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his song. But they were little more than mere dreams of the hour. *There was but one love that lived unquenched through all.*

Critics have commonly held that Byron's profession of a single life-long passion for one named Mary was but a part of his romantic pose. It will be a curious outcome of a disagreeable, if not nauseating, dispute, if he shall be established as one of the great lovers of literature. Such a result would add a new meaning to the words "sincerity and strength," which to Swinburne and Matthew Arnold were "the splendid and imperishable excellence" covering all his offences and outweighing all his defects. It is because the negative testimony of Hobhouse and positive theory of Mr. Edgcumbe may possibly bring about so important a revolution in literary criticism and so enhanced an appreciation of the works of one of England's greatest poets, that we have written at such length and with such frankness of these far-off unhappy things that might otherwise have been best judged by silence.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Moccasin Ranch. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Here Mr. Garland has afforded what many of his early admirers must have been waiting for: another adventure upon those "main-travelled roads" to which he first guided us now a good many years ago. No one had made us feel certain aspects of Middle Western pioneer life as he made us feel them—its racially composite nature, its toil and sweat, its everyday romance. These early stories were, as Mr. Howells said at the time, "full of the bitter and burning dust, the foul and trampled slush of the common avenues of life, . . . full of those gaunt, grim, sordid, pathetic, ferocious figures whom our satirists find so easy to caricature as Hayseeds, and whose blind groping for fairer conditions is so grotesque to the newspapers and so menacing to the politicians." The reader may recall one of those tales named "A Branch Road," dealing with the rescue of a faded drudge by an old lover from the killing morality of wedded slavery. Mr. Garland did not then point a moral; he stated a case; and in "The Moccasin Ranch" he states a similar or analogous case.

Here also an elopement and a desertion are involved, and here also the implication is that events have followed their necessary and normal course. In the later instance, however, the woman's provocation is far less, and the dénouement a mere making the best of a pretty bad bargain. The odd thing about it is the fact that the husband should be left, a mere pathetic fourth person, in the background. The third person, he who, after an impulse to stop and punish the runaway pair, forgives them and sends them off with his blessing, seems to have rather too little at stake to support the rôle of magnanimity thrust upon him. There is, in fact, a touch of strain in the speech and conduct of these four persons. The moving thing is that atmosphere of place which Mr. Garland knows how to make us breathe. These people are settlers in a newly opened stretch of prairie, and their personal drama is a mere incident in the scene:

> The smell of the fresh pines was around them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds; prairie-chickens were booming. The open doorway—doorless yet—looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west. It was the bare, raw materials of a State, and they were in at the beginning of it.

Along the Way. By William W. Canfield. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The steady increase and multiplication of books of this type must be a challenge to the attention of the reader who takes his fiction respectfully. He must be wholesomely reminded that the function of the modern novel is manifold. It is a tract, a chronicle, a vaudeville turn, a "human document"—least commonly of all a work of art. How judge it, then? The difficulty is somewhat like that of judging the drama. Even if it is to be taken as a work of art, who is the right reader, ὁ χαρίεις, the ideal person at whom fiction should be aimed, and by whom it may be right-

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ly estimated? Is it the professional critic, the reader of ordinary or extraordinary cultivation, or the man in the street? The literary critic can find little to say for "Along the Way," for example. It is crude, obvious, half-tract, half-melodrama; its persons have little reality, its didacticism is a nuisance. The action is supposed to take place some ten or fifteen years in the future. The hero is a young engineer who has been abroad in Russia for ten years working at his profession, and who now returns to his native land. Apparently, he has allowed himself to read no American news during his absence, for his surprise at the condition of things in his beloved land is complete. It seems the railways have been turned over to the government, and the government is in process of making a frightful mess of things. Railway officials are now an army of grafters and incompetents. Trains no longer run even approximately on time. Politicians work their wicked way with time-tables as well as with employees, and there is no counting upon anything for the downtrodden public.

Of course, it becomes our young engineer's business, and pleasure, to correct these evils. There are exciting doings in connection with two fair young ladies from Denver, only one of whom, unfortunately, the hero is free to marry; but he rescues them both from a very awkward situation, in which they have been involved by the villain, a high railway official. The villain is driven to earth and gets his deserts, and the railways are restored to private ownership. The quaint and original detail of treatment is that this restoration is brought about by a popular uprising led by a band of patriotic multimillionaires, who have pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" to the cause of "assisting this stupendous re-transfer" for the good of the people. Their victory is not bloodless. Preaching and sensationalism, fustian and platitude! sighs the critic. Yet the book is written with good purpose, and will no doubt find its own respectful audience.

The Eagle's Nest. By Allan McAulay. New York: John Lane Co.

The justification needed for a novel about Napoleon is that it shall be interesting. This condition is honorably fulfilled in Mr. McAulay's story, which has, besides, two other points of distinction: the nominal hero is not Napoleon himself, but a young Corsican, who is bewitched by him; and the action takes place wholly on Corsican soil. As a sullen, combative child, the conqueror sets out for school in France, and returns an argumentative idealist, a shabby student, a writer of romantic essays, a reader of Boswell and Rousseau—to his fellow-men "a queer fish," an *esprit sec et sententieux.* Yet the piquant mystery of this personality is felt through all these formative days—the power that even now made men follow his smile to bitter ends. There are vivid pictures of the political unrest, as well as of the private life of the untamed island. Paoli, banished as a patriot twenty-odd years before, is here restored to his islanders, and entertains secret schemes of English aid in ousting France. The Corsican-Italian-French-English tangle makes a stirring theme, while counter to it run the private pipings of the young "Nabulione" with his family interests and his as yet unformulated ambitions—and of the young Domenico, who walks down from the hills to Ajaccio and into the intimacies of the Buonaparte circle. The whole is written with a controlling sense of proportion in the distribution of history, geography, manners, landscape, character-drawing, and invention. This happy art, added to a fine dignity of construction, puts the novel quite above the too fluid current of modern historical romance.

The Wares of Edgefield. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This story leaves one with the impression of real power somehow missed; one is interested in the uneventful but human chronicle of the Wares and their connections, and pursues from page to page an elusive beckoning hope of the genuine master-touch that will give it all authority and significance. But though the writer plainly states her keynote—Sympathy—at the story's end we are left disappointed. The vital spark is lacking. It is something, however, to hold the reader's attention through an amiable ambling narrative of little doings, whose occasional attempts at lurid contrast are but too evidently mechanical shifts.

THE NEW WEBSTER.

Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language. Editor-in-chief, W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D.; General Editor, F. Sturgess Allen. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.

The standard books of reference have reached a point in evolution where further growth must run to thin paper and small type. We may regret the passing of the heavy page with its ample margin and generous print, just as we regret the lofty ceilings and broad staircases of our ancestors; life grows crowded with many people and many words. Dictionary, biographical lexicon, political almanac, and handbook of statistics, in every new edition, corroborate Malthus. The editors of the newest Webster, "the latest authentic quarto edition," call attention to the successive accretions of time, from 70,000 words in Noah Webster's first edition, to 114,000 words in the Unabridged of 1864, to 175,000 words in the International of 1890, to nearly 400,000 words in the present "New International." In 1900 a supplement of some 25,000 words was added to the 1890 edition. The latest revision, therefore, holds double the vocabulary of ten years ago. The great increase is largely accounted for by the expansion of encyclopædic matter, which constitutes one of the important changes in the volume before us. The publishers have aimed to make their dictionary a handbook for "the common man, woman, and child as they read their newspaper, book of travel, or novel." Consequently, where the edition of 1890 gave a column and a half to "grass," the "New International" gives more than a page with a list of, we should say, five hundred species.

A novelty of make-up, introduced, we are told, for greater convenience in consultation, is the division of the page into two sections. The upper section holds the main vocabulary; to the lower division, a sort of lexicographer's limbo, have been relegated unfamiliar words, obsolete words, and all the encyclopædic matter contained in the special supplements to the 1890 edition—proper names, foreign phrases, etc.—with the exception of the gazetteer and biographical lists. On æsthetic grounds, the change does not commend itself. It is probable, on the other hand, that when the reader has learned to look for the more familiar term in the upper section and for utterly queer-looking words among the proletariat below stairs, there will be a saving of time. It is evident that there could be no hard and fast rule for separating the sheep from the goats. We find, for instance, "Delzenne's Circle" in the upper section of the page when we should be inclined to look for it below the line, or, better still, among the encyclopædic data under "circle." In the edition of 1890, "delftware" was followed by "deliberate." In the new edition the two are separated by "Delia," a goddess and a shepherdess; "Delia," a Greek festival; "Delian," the adjective from "Delos," and, below the line, "Delhi boil," "Delhi sore" and "Delhi work."

The new edition is conservative on the mooted question of spelling and decidedly progressive on the question of neologisms and slang. The Websterian preferences of "meter" and "center," and the single "l" in "traveler," are retained. The claims of reformed spelling are thrown out of court. The forms proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board are unsafe to deal with, "since not only is it impossible, as yet, to tell what the result of the movement will be, but also the changes proposed by this board are being added to so rapidly as not to admit of their being recorded." Thus, while the changes recommended by the Philological Society of

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England and the American Philological Association have been incorporated. and "program," "catechize," "criticize" have the preference, there is no mention even for poor "thru" and "tho." An innovation that calls for notice is the admission of "labour," "honour," etc., to equal rights with the American forms. For an international dictionary the step may be proper enough, but the American reader might have been warned that the "u" forms are English usage, and not alternatives for the shorter spelling.

A "chronicler of existing usage" in spelling, the New International is extremely susceptible to the appeal of slang. We are reminded that "historically, slang has been one of the experiment stations in which verbal candidates are tried out." Hence the inclusion of "bluff," "stand-pat," "cinch," "rough-house," and "make good." Do the editors imply that all those terms have been tried out in the laboratories of philology and received a title to immortality? We doubt it. We find no aspect of inevitability about "gold-brick" and "peach," to which the book extends its hospitality. As a matter of fact, the editors fall into speedy contradiction. "Their test-question has been: Is this word likely to be looked for by enough readers, within the next few years, to entitle it to a place?" But the reader who would turn to Webster's pages for "rough-house" or "peach" might also look for "talkfest," "hot air," and "pazaza," and be disappointed. Virtually "within the next few years" means that if a bit of slang has failed to hold its own we can drop it in the next edition. That was not Dr. Johnson's idea of the functions of a dictionary.

In the revision of the definitions, the editors' claim that they have reinforced the existing lucidity and exactness with a "closer analysis, a more historic order, and a fuller presentation," is, on the whole, justified. Since the Oxford Dictionary, no lexicon can overlook the importance of copious citation. We notice, however, that often the changes in definition have been changes of arrangement. The subdivision of definitions has sometimes been carried to an exaggerated point of refinement. It is doubtful, for instance, if the increase in the number of separate definitions for "baby," from two to seven, has brought a corresponding increase in the value of the article as a whole. Under "delicacy," the single obsolete usage of 1890 has grown to three. That, however, involves a fine point of lexicographical technique on which we do not care to pronounce. We do find the treatment of synonyms very satisfactory. The subject is handled with a degree of completeness that raises up a formidable competitor to the thesaurus. The etymologies have been revised by Professors E. S. Sheldon and Leo Wiener of Harvard.

The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A. Cuneiform Texts. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. VI. Part 2. Babylonian Legal and Business Documents from the Time of the First Dynasty of Babylon. By Arno Poebel. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology, University of Pennsylvania.

This volume follows the same plan as the preceding volumes of the series. Dr. Poebel, to whom we owe its preparation, was formerly Harrison research fellow in Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania; and from his preface we learn that the present book grew out of the dissertation presented by him in 1906 for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

The body of the work consists of facsimile reproductions of tablets, 138 in all, with a few half-tone reproductions. These are preceded by a series of dissertations, suggested by the contents of the tablets. We have, first, the transliteration and translation of tablets displaying the various schemes of legal documents; from which it would appear that regular blank forms were in use, differing slightly at such places as Nippur, Sippar, Babylon, etc. Then follows an explanation of the peculiar form of seal impressions on certain of these documents: impressions taken, not from the usual small cylinders of hard stone, the personal and often inherited property of the signer, but from small, rectangular slabs, made, expressly for the occasion, of some soft material easy to cut. Particularly interesting is a list of the date formulæ used by the Kings of the first Babylonian dynasty, with a discussion of the method pursued in naming the year: either after events of importance; or after religious ceremonials, or the dedication of statues and the like, at the feast of the new year. In Hammu-rabi's reign the dates generally stand for events—the year in which he took Erech and Isin, the year in which he built such and such a canal—and reveal the steps by which that monarch established and organized a kingdom stretching from the Persian Gulf up the middle Euphrates almost or quite to Carchemish, and up the Tigris to and beyond Ashur. The tablets of the later kings, on the other hand, are dated, rather, after religious events, the erection of statues, and the consecration of temple ornaments; indicating the decadence of the dynasty. Next we have a discussion and, to a certain extent, a reconstruction of the political history of a part of this period, in the light of these date formulæ. There is also a concordance of the proper names found in the tablets, a subject to which much space has been given in all these volumes; and, finally, a table of contents and a descriptive catalogue, showing, so far as it is known, the provenance of each tablet, the king to whose reign it belongs, and its year in that reign.

The tablets here published cover the reigns of five kings of the first Babylonian dynasty, from Hammu-rabi to Ammi-zaduga, with two kings of the dynasty of Larsam, Warad-Sin and Rim-Sin, Hammu-rabi's great rival and opponent. The Nippur tablets are derived almost exclusively from the earlier expeditions of the University of Pennsylvania (1888-90), like virtually all the material published up to the present time. The provenance of the tablets is very imperfectly given, but, from the introductory remarks of the editor, it appears that they were found, for the most part, in that part of "tablet hill" claimed by Hilprecht to have been the business section of the temple library of Nippur. As Dr. Poebel points out, the contents of these tablets prove the contention of the earlier excavators that there was no temple archive here, but that this section of the city was occupied by private houses of bakers, carpenters, and the like, in which the documents were preserved not in one or several large collections, but two or three in one place, half a dozen in another, in jars, or buried under the floors. But wherever the owners of these tablets lived, whether in "tablet hill," to the east of the great canal, or in the still more extensive ruins to the west, from which some of the tablets were derived, their business was largely connected with the temple of Enlil, the great god of Nippur, or with the minor temples of other gods of the same city. Clearly, Nippur was at this period a sacred city, not a political centre.

Some of these tablets deal with the sale or transfer of temple offices, which were treated as property inherited and transferable in the same manner as house and land. The oldest brother received a special portion, apparently half of the total estate, in which the temple offices were rated at a money value, and the remainder was distributed share and share alike. Among the more interesting documents are those dealing with adoption. This appears to have been a regular business procedure, by which parents provided for their support in old age. The person adopted was obligated to pay a certain annual sum to his adoptive parents, he on his part inheriting their property or a certain specified portion of it at death. In some cases the adopted child was purchased from his real parents, and in case of his failure to pay to the adoptive parent the specified annual sum, he was liable to be sold as a slave. Daughters, also, might be adopted. So we have one case where a woman purchased the daughter of another, to make her a "votary," with the stipulation that she should "eat" the "votary's" earnings.

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Besides the tablets from Nippur, this volume contains also a considerable number discovered at other sites, notably Sippar and Borsippa, and purchased by the earlier explorers. There are also two or three documents discovered by the second expedition in a ruin-mound called Yokha, at two days' journey from Nippur, the ancient name of which has not yet been identified. In execution, this work maintains the high standard of handicraft and calligraphy established by its predecessors, while the introductory dissertations add considerably to our knowledge of ancient Babylonian history, domestic and religious life, and legal right.

The Life and Times of Master John Hus. By the Count Lützow. With illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

This life of Hus by a fellow-countryman, written in English and addressed especially to English-speaking people, is an obviously partisan work. Its apologetic tendency is, in fact, put forward as an additional reason why the author should have taken especial pains to examine carefully and weigh thoroughly all hostile criticism of his hero. This rather unusual claim is well sustained by the book itself. It is written in a spirit of ardent admiration for the man who stands in the author's mind as the chief representative of their common fatherland, yet with admirable temper and evident anxiety to do justice to all reasonable opposition. Count Lützow's thesis is that the work of Hus was, in a very complete sense of the word, independent, a truly national and personal movement. He has felt himself called upon to open the subject at this time on account of vigorous efforts that have been made to reduce the personal merit of Hus to the lowest point, by showing his dependence upon others, more particularly upon John Wycliffe. The epoch-making work of Palacky, published more than fifty years ago, brought out clearly enough, one would suppose, the essentially Bohemian character of the Hussite movement; but since then a wave of German criticism led by Johann Loserth has almost swept away this fundamentally national quality of the Bohemian struggle. In his striking little book, "Hus und Wiclif," Loserth undertook to show that all that was significant in Hus's thought was derived by an almost purely mechanical process from Wycliffe. Even the "deadly parallel column" was invoked to make it perfectly clear that Hus actually copied word for word from Wycliffe in many extended passages. All that had a very convincing sound, but it required no very great familiarity with the literary processes of the time to show that even direct copying of literary material was no proof of dependence or even derivation in thought. What was written became common property and was freely appropriated by any one who found it serviceable in supporting his own ideas. The ideas were not, on this account, any the less his own. Such criticism as Loserth's was a challenge to the admirers of the Bohemian saint, and Count Lützow has accepted it.

It cannot be said that he has contributed any considerable amount of new material to the discussion. What he says has been said before, but he has put it in attractive form and has directed his argument straight toward the criticism designed to undermine it. We are inclined wholly to agree with him that Hus represents the culmination of a long and deep-seated discontent with the administration of the Church in Bohemia, and also with the existing doctrinal teaching of the Church in so far as that was used to support the practices then being called in question. Hus had his forerunners in Bohemia as obviously as Wycliffe had his in England. The movement in each case was complicated throughout with national considerations. It is no derogation from the merits of Hus to admit, as Count Lützow freely does, his obligations to Wycliffe, but it is a long way from that to making him an almost servile copyist whose work could not have been done without the help of his English predecessor.

Perhaps the most vivid impression retained by the general reader will be that of the conflict of the pure Bohemian element against the apparently rapid Germanisation of their country in all that pertains to the higher life. It is easy to describe this as evidence of a narrow Chauvinism, unwilling to receive the light except through a nationalist medium, but it is a conflict bound to appeal to every reader who values the force of a true patriotism that prefers its own way of salvation to the most benevolent assimilation.

The Hisperica Famina. Edited with a short Introduction and Index Verborum by Francis John Henry Jenkinson. Cambridge: University Press New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.76 net.

One of the most interesting problems in the history of the early Middle Ages concerns the nature of the contribution made to civilization by Ireland. According to roseate accounts of the matter, culture, including a substantial knowledge of Greek, flourished in the isle of saints from the middle of the fifth to the seventh century, during most of which period the continent lay buried in utter darkness; from Ireland proceeded the enlightening influence that brought learning back to Europe. M. Roger, in his careful but unsympathetic work, "L'Enseignement des lettres classiques d'Ausone à Alcuin" (1905), vigorously attacks this view. He acknowledges a familiarity with Greek on the part of Pelagius at the beginning of the period, and of John the Scot after its termination, but seeks to show that what culture Ireland possessed in the interval was insignificant, and may even have come to it from without.

The "Hisperica Famina," which Mr. Jenkinson, librarian of the University Library at Cambridge, has carefully edited, with its various texts, is one of the wildest things in literature. The strange dialect is a fusion of classical Latin, vulgar Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and perhaps some independently created elements, all cast in a mould that in general is Latin, but not what Cicero would have recognized as such. It is evidently an academic, not a popular product, and may be located on the borderland between esoteric refinement and drivelling nonsense. The subjects treated are simple enough—the praise of the scholar, a description of the daily life at the school, and what appear to be set themes, such as *De cœlo*, *De mari*, *De taberna*, etc. The name Hisperic, scholars recently have believed, emphasizes the fact that the *Famina*, or diction, is Roman, in contrast with the base vernacular. In the "Glossæ Collectæ" of the Echternach manuscript, *Hisperica* is the last word explained, but, tantalizingly, the explanation is not legible. Bradshaw thought he read *scotica*, but nothing can be made out now. There are approaches to the new style in several late Latin authors, particularly Martianus Capella and Virgilius Maro, but it goes far beyond anything in such authors. Various specimens of it exist, the earliest published by Cardinal Angelo Mai in 1833, and all conveniently assembled in Mr. Jenkinson's book.

His edition is a distinct improvement on that of Stowasser, for more reasons than that it includes more. It contains facsimiles and reproduces the text exactly, without the disfigurement of emendation. The text is for the first time printed as lines of poetry, the nature of which has long been recognized by Bradshaw, Zimmer, and Wilhelm Meyer. The manuscripts themselves give a continuous text, but generally mark the ends of verses by punctuation, and their beginnings by capital letters; and Mr. Jenkinson's introduction includes a more careful description of these manuscripts than had before appeared. The complete Index Verborum has also something of the nature of a glossary, including references to the Echternach glosses; this feature might well have been developed still farther.

Now the significance of these curious documents for the problem stated at the beginning of this review is just this. If Ireland, as is probable, may be accredited with the invention of Hisperic

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diction, we have apparent evidence that the knowledge of Greek, which it presupposes, was not altogether at second-hand. Mr. Jenkinson shows that there is no dependence on the Græco-Latin glossaries of the early Middle Ages; he believes that "the jargon represents an isolated growth or tradition of which whatever literary product there may have been has mostly perished." Further, if Gildas, the British historian of the sixth century, was acquainted with Hisperic—and Mr. Jenkinson adds a bit of confirmatory evidence on this disputed point—the existence of the dialect is proved for the very period when, according to Roger, Ireland was destitute of Greek. Finally, may it not be, after all, that the movement had a more popular nature than we suppose? After we become accustomed to the peculiar verbiage, we find it not inconsistent with poetic feeling. Mr. Jenkinson, after quoting the verse, *multiformis solifluis: pretenui nubium vapore stemicatur arcus radiis*, remarks:

> We are left to wonder how such a vocabulary came to be associated with such artistic feeling. It is not enough to suppose that behind the Latin expression may stand thoughts conceived in native Irish. That seems likely enough. But apart from that, there is a directness and freedom in the expression itself which, as far as I know, cannot be matched among other remnants of contemporary literature.

It is easy to ask questions on a subject about which we really know next to nothing. As most of the fragments have come to light in most unexpected ways, it is not too much to hope that some *felice scopritore* may add others still, to supply more evidence on this fascinating subject.

Economic Heresies: Being an Unorthodox Attempt to Appreciate the Economic Problems Presented by "Things as They Are." By Sir Nathaniel Nathan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The sub-title indicates the purpose of this volume: it attempts to depict the industrial world from a positive, or objective, standpoint in contradistinction to the *à priori* idealization which its author imputes to the professional economist. Sir Nathaniel Nathan has some unusual qualifications for the task he has set himself. He has had a long acquaintance with public affairs. As a former burgess of Birmingham, he knows municipal trading from the inside. As attorney-general in Trinidad, he has seen much of the practical side of international trade. He knows the "service traditions" of the Crown's civil servants to perfection. His long absence from England has emancipated him from partisan allegiance, and his weighed deliverances upon England's national policy, financial and industrial, are courageously impartial. If in fairness one ought to temper this praise, it may be suggested that the author's views of foreign trade may have been unduly colored by his knowledge of the struggles of the West Indian sugar-grower; also that a busy officer of the Crown has hardly time to keep in touch with much of the best recent work in economics. In particular, Sir Nathaniel's acquaintance with American economics, so far as one can judge from this book, seems largely confined to Henry George, Upton Sinclair, and W. J. Bryan.

In a treatise so comprehensive as this, it is impossible to notice more than two or three of the important positions assumed. Perhaps its quality may best be indicated by noting, first, its somewhat novel use of the concept "means"; and then by scrutinizing its theory of tariff reform; and its verdict upon Socialism.

There is much to justify the insistence upon some such term as "means" in contradistinction to the term wealth. Wealth is employed by the author to cover what are generally known as commodities—"desirable material things susceptible of appropriation, excluding money . . . and also [excluding] . . . land" (p. 20). "Means," on the other hand, denote "the man's power to obtain commodities, . . . the whole of the accumulation of varying evidences of his title to participate in wealth" (p. 22). This distinction between two aspects of wealth has been implied, or even explicitly exploited, by several modern economists. F. A. Cleveland's "funds" are the analogue of Nathan's "means." The same is true of Davenport's "loan funds" which he contrasts to actual material "wealth used as an aid in the reproduction of wealth." T. Veblen's "loan credit," portrayed as "a pecuniary fact, not an industrial one," is also akin to Nathan's "means"; and Irving Fisher's "rights" of "obtaining some or all of the future services of one or more articles of [material] wealth" are of the same genus as "means."

The relation of "means," or claims upon wealth, to actual goods is a *locus vexatissimus* of economic casuistry. The view commonly imputed to Macleod that the creation of such claims is tantamount to the simultaneous creation of an equal amount of wealth is certainly one extreme of error. Making out the title-deeds to a farm and putting them on the market is certainly not a doubling of wealth. On the other hand, the view of Professor Irving Fisher that "existing property rights (claims) are rights to the use of existing wealth, so that *existing* wealth underlies all *existing* property rights" seems also extreme. A government bond promising interest for fifty years is, at least in part, a claim on the income to issue from the labor of the unborn. *To that extent* no existing property, either material goods or human producers, underlies the bond. The truth seems to be that "means," "claims," "credits," "rights," may or may not imply the contemporaneous existence of correlative material wealth; may or may not connote well founded correlative expectation of future income.

Without attempting to index the various places where his conception of "means" betrays our author into what seems to us to be error (as, for example, pp. 251, 252), it will suffice to say that it leads him to deny the essential truth of the barter theory of trade, either domestic or international. Thus he declares that "any attempt to treat of commerce as a regulated process of 'barter' or 'exchange of commodities' *inter se*, simply facilitated by the employment of money as a sort of denotation of market values, issues in fallacy and confusion" (p. 119); and again that "neither nations nor communities conduct commercial operations by way of barter or exchange of goods at all . . ." (p. 308). It follows logically that a nation's power to obtain imports depends not on its material exports, but on its "means" available for purchasing foreign produce. Apparently then a nation can obtain goods from abroad without selling goods to the outside world. So far as an accretion of "means" arises from the income on investments abroad or from freights earned on carrying the world's commerce, no one would dispute the allegation. But it seems almost a childish proposition to insist upon, that apart from the credits arising from sources similar to the two just mentioned, the export of commodities creates the claims that suffice to defray the cost of the residue of imports. If certain commodities, instead of being imported, begin to be produced at home, and if the productive power of the nation is thus diverted from producing goods for export to supplying the domestic demand directly, the "means" for paying for residual imports is diminished *pro tanto*. So that, after all, the essential core of truth would seem to lie in the traditional statement of the theory of foreign trade—that it is essentially an organized and elaborate system of barter rather than what it seems to be in the individual instance, a purchase or sale of goods for money, or "means." If our author can propound no more plausible "economic heresy" than his doctrine of foreign trade, it should seem that he might content himself with the economic "orthodoxy" he so fiercely impugns. One is reminded of Bacon's remark that "a little philosophy inclineth man's minde to *Atheisme;* but depth in philosophy, bringeth men's mindes about to *Religion.*"

Sir Nathaniel's advocacy of tariff reform, however, is infected with no blind worship of colonial preference by

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treaty. "The day for" commercial treaties "that will be economically effective has passed away" (p. 299). The "inflated cant" about the "British Empire" moves him to contemptuous pity (p. 198). His argument for a limited dose of protection is based on the desire to absorb the unemployed proletariat in industry. He thinks internal competition will keep down undue profit, and that improved productive processes will prevent any permanent enhancement in prices to consumers. The "real danger attendant on the adoption of Protection; the principal real argument for adherence to Free Trade," he declares, is the danger of corruption and abuse best illustrated in the United States (pp. 310 sq.).

The best part of this vigorous treatise is the analysis of Socialism. Its attitude to many of the specific proposals of state Socialism is open-minded. One would guess that the pending budget would not necessarily find an enemy in the author. But long experience in office has given him an insight into the limitations of bureaucracies which makes him quite impervious to the blandishments of collectivism. His long official activity in a Crown colony has taught him that "officialdom is essentially the domain of safe and mediocre respectability, the sanctuary of 'use and wont,' discarding all initiative and entrenching itself in precedent" (p. 356); and that "by no process known to us can we attain to the cruel accuracy of the automatic selection of private adventure, which has brought productive industry, competitive commerce, and regulative finance to their effectiveness" (p. 358).

The Historic Exodus. By Olaf A. Toffteen, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

In a former volume, entitled "Ancient Chronology" (noticed in the *Nation*, May 14, 1908), Professor Toffteen discussed the chronology of Palestine, Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt down to B. C. 1050; here he undertakes to give the component parts of the Pentateuch, to determine their dates and demonstrate their historical trustworthiness. After examination of a great mass of particulars he reaches the conclusion that P, the Priestly document (which comprises most of Leviticus and Numbers, half of Exodus, and parts of Genesis), was composed in the time of Samuel, Saul, and David; the book of Deuteronomy (D) in the time of Joshua; and the Elohist (E) and Yahwist (J) documents in the time of Moses (that is, they were received by Moses from God). He recognizes the apparent discrepancies in the account of the exodus and gets rid of the difficulty by assuming two "exodi," one in 1447 B. C., described in J E D, the other in 1144, described in P. All the documents, he thinks, are fragmentary and defective, and he prefers the Greek text to the Hebrew.

To discuss all the details of this volume would require another volume of equally formidable size. Professor Toffteen is well acquainted with the Egyptian and cuneiform material, and seems to be embarrassed by its richness—in the dense collection of facts he fails to get the perspective. The search for points of connection between the early Biblical narratives and other ancient records is a fascinating, but sometimes treacherous, pursuit; Winckler was thus beguiled into his astralism, and Toffteen has not entirely escaped the pitfalls of his subject. He has no sense of the differences of spirit and tone in the various parts of the Pentateuch. The elaborate ritualism of the priestly document seems to him to be quite appropriate to the time of David in spite of the crudeness of that period as it is described in the historical books. He has lost sight of the fact of historical development, allows practically nothing for Phœnician, Assyrian, and Babylonian influence on the Israelite cult, and uses the book of Chronicles (a late idealization) as an authority for very early times. He cites many Biblical passages, but does not refer to the decisive statement of Jer. vii, 22, where Jehovah is represented as saying: "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the Land of Egypt, concerning holocausts and communal sacrifices," which can only mean that the writer of this passage (about B. C. 604) did not regard the sacrificial ritual as of divine appointment, knew nothing, that is, of the P legislation at Sinai. In regard to the priestly document in general, Professor Toffteen seems not to understand exactly the position of the critics he opposes—he appears sometimes to suppose that they hold this document to have been composed *in toto* in the time of Ezra (fifth century). This, however, is not the case; the view of recent writers is that, while it received its present shape in the fifth century or later, it contains some material belonging to an earlier time; and different strata (P1 P2, etc.) are distinguished.

The author's apologetic aim sometimes leads him into questionable forms of argumentation. The absence of Persia in the P list of Japhetites in Gen. x, 2 has long been noted. A country Parsua appears in Assyrian inscriptions of the ninth century, and Professor Toffteen thence infers that it is improbable that the P document should be much later. But the list in Gen. x is Israelite, not Assyrian, and it is not probable that the Jews knew of the Persians before the advent of Cyrus. Of another people mentioned in this list, Tiras (which Toffteen persists in writing "Tirash"), the ethnological character is confessedly doubtful. This people, says our author, is undoubtedly identical with the Teresh who appear on Egyptian monuments in the twelfth century; and he adds: "We are inclined to identify this Teresh . . . with the Etruscan people of Italy—now, the Etruscan migration into Italy can hardly be placed later than 1100 B. C. . . . At least this portion of the P document must depend upon a written document which is not later in origin, or at least not very much later, than this date." Here, within the space of a short paragraph, with a Biblical name misspelled, an inclination is converted into an historical fact. The contention (p. 23) that P's "polytheism" points to a very early date is not well founded. The term "Elohim" in Gen. i, 26 ("let us make man in our image") is not "used in a polytheistic sense"; Elohim addresses certain subordinate supernatural beings, who are to be identified with "sons of the Elohim" and angels, figures that run through the Old Testament; and the Psalter recognizes the existence of the gods of foreign nations (Ps. xcvi:4 *al*). The refusal to refer the Aaronic priesthood to the postexilic time is nullified by the whole history of the priesthood, which shows a steady differentiation and organization of sacerdotal functions. The assumption of two exodi is a counsel of despair.

Professor Toffteen has brought together many facts of importance; as to his theory, we must agree with him (p. 282) that it "may and probably will have to be modified on future investigation."

Notes.

The issue of Miss M. E. Lowndes's "The Nuns by Port Royal: As Seen in Their Own Narratives," through Henry Frowde, coincides with the bi-centenary of the final suppression of the convent; whose history is touched upon, also, in a biography of Pascal by Viscount St. Cyres, which Smith, Elder & Co. (London) have now in press.

The diary of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, edited by William A. Croffut, Ph.D., is announced for publication by the Putnams. This grandson of the Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga was engaged in our Seminole wars and in the Mexican campaign; during the civil war he was the military adviser of Secretary Stanton and of President Lincoln. His diary is said to contain the most vivid and complete account of our Mexican war ever written and is to be entitled "Fifty Years in Camp and Field."

The first section of Doubleday, Page & Co.'s "Every Child Should Know Encyclopædia," which comprises ten volumes on "Manual Training, or Practical Things Every Child Should Know," will be ready for distribution in 1910, and will be followed by sections of ten volumes on literature, and ten more on nature, science, and art.

Fisher Unwin (London) is issuing in Alfred Perceval Graves's "Irish Fairy Book" a companion volume to Jenkyn Thomas's

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"Welsh Fairy Book" of two years ago. Mr. Graves is known as a poet; and here he brings together a rich treasure of fairy-lore. Illustrations by George Denham are one of the promised features.

It is announced that the library of the late Henry Charles Lea of Philadelphia, which is exceptionally rich in unpublished manuscripts, will pass into the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.

William Hamo Thornycroft, R. A., is the sculptor of the statue of Tennyson recently unveiled in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, in this, Tennyson's centenary year. Arthur Sedgwick delivered an oration on the occasion.

In the appointment of the Rev. George Adam Smith, a representative of the Higher Criticism at its best and most distinguished, to the Principalship of Aberdeen University we find a fitting recognition of one eminently fitted for his new position by services as geographer, theologian, and Orientalist.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle issues, through Hutchinson & Co. (London), "The Crime of the Congo," with a distressing picture and the price of the volume—sixpence—prominently displayed on the jet-black cover.

Lewis Melville's new "Life of Thackeray" is promised for early publication by the John Lane Co. It is said that Mr. Melville has been able to make use of many hitherto unpublished letters.

It is rumored that the Nobel prize for literature will be awarded this year to Anatole France. Former recipients of the prize have been Sully-Prudhomme, Theodor Mommsen, Björnsterne Björnson, Frédéric Mistral, José Echegaray, Henry Sienkiewicz, Giosué Carducci, and Rudyard Kipling. No Russian writer has as yet received this distinction, and no American.

Popular novels at a shilling is the latest experiment of the London publishers. Stanley Paul & Co. announce a full-length novel by Mr. Le Queux ("The Fatal Thirteen"), to be published at that price. It will be interesting to see whether going to the other extreme will prove a successful step in the land of the six-shilling novel, and whether the example set is followed in this country.

Austin Brereton's excellent "Literary History of the Adelphi and Its Neighborhood," first published in 1907, has been reissued in this country by Duffield & Co., with a new introduction. Mr. Brereton divides the Adelphi estate of three acres and a quarter into three parts as follows: houses only, 78,400 sq. ft.; roadways, terrace, and areas, 45,400; foreground, 19,200. It is but a small bit of London, but its associations are peculiarly rich and varied.

We shall soon have a book on "The Quintessence of Nietzsche," by an English writer, J. M. Kennedy, which will be issued through Werner Laurie (London). *En attendant*, a life of the great man has been written by Daniel Halévy, and bears the imprint of Calmann-Lévy. In the nine years which have elapsed since the death of the philosopher, his influence has never ceased to expand. Nietzscheism is doubtless at the bottom of the contemporary reaction against Socialism. Apart from more general considerations, it seems reasonable to think that the great sympathy expressed for things French by the author of "Ecce homo" is responsible, in its turn, for some measure of the interest and sympathy for the author on the part of the French themselves. In the most recent study of the prophet of the Superman, one finds cited once more his belief that he was of Polish origin: a descendant of the Counts Nietzki. Perhaps this pretension of his played an important rôle in exaggerating his animosity for Teutonic culture. It is likely, too, that his friend, the historian, Burckhardt, was responsible for heightening his animus. Burckhardt, also, loved the Latin genius and the Latin nationalities.

From D. Appleton & Co. we have received a well-printed new edition, with map, of W. J. Gardner's "History of Jamaica," a standard work.

A volume of selections from Michelet's "Histoire de France," annotated by Dr. D. L. Buffum of Princeton, and intended for academic use, is announced for publication by Henry Holt & Co.

Gustave Davois is preparing a bibliography of French works relating to Napoleon which appeared before 1908, which promises to be much fuller than any earlier bibliography of Napoleon, as he has been assisted in his task by members of the Bonaparte family, and by many others.

To celebrate the bicentenary of Samuel Johnson, an exhibition of manuscripts, rare editions, and engravings has been arranged by Professor Tinker of Yale University. First editions of Johnson and Boswell from the Yale Library will be shown, together with interesting Johnsoniana from private libraries in New Haven. The Messrs. Keppel and others will exhibit contemporary engravings from all the known portraits of Johnson; A. E. Newton of Philadelphia has contributed several first editions; J. P. Morgan has lent from his library some Johnson manuscripts; R. B. Adam of Buffalo has sent his manuscripts, autograph letters, and other Johnsoniana. The exhibition will be held in the Yale Library, and will be open to the public daily until November 6.

A privately printed pamphlet, "Lampy's Early Days, By an Old Lampooner" (Cambridge: The Harvard Lampoon Society), is interesting both in text and pictures. Nor need one have been a fellow-editor of Sherwood and Otis, Curtis and the Wheelwrights and Martin, to enjoy its pleasant humor. Presumably the text of the little book is a labor of love; and its illustrations, reproduced from early issues of the paper, were well worth publishing. In its beginnings, the Harvard Charivari bore many resemblances to that partial source of its inspiration, *Punch* of London. As time wore on, the likeness grew dimmer. Meanwhile, the founders of the *Lampoon* had founded *Life*. It seems to us, as we renew our impression of the early issues of this college jester, that they connote a riper humor and a fuller mind than do contemporary numbers. There was, certainly, that greater "collegiate solidarity" of which President Lowell has spoken, to lend them a significance sometimes wanting to-day. The humor of the college papers we see now is almost as stridently "American" as that of the cheaper vehicles of shopworn jokes one finds in barber-shops. But perhaps we are aging. And it may be doubted whether, to-day, the *Lampoon* has the collaboration of Longfellow's successors on the Harvard faculty—there are two of them. That the poet was not above contributing to "Lampy" appears from the inclusion here of his epigram:

> If you have a friend to dine,
> Always give him your best wine;
> If you happen to have two,
> Then the second-best will do.

In the preface to his "Gilbert White and Selborne" (Scribners) Henry C. Shelley speaks of the "Natural History" as "a serious candidate for first honors among English classics." It is true that the work has appeared in innumerable editions—upwards of eighty, to be more precise—but it is a question whether White's grave and elegant letters have been able to maintain any real popularity against the more highly spiced nature books that are now flooding the market. There can be no doubt, however, that his life and writings have furnished Mr. Shelley with material for a pleasant little volume. It may even be said that the record errs rather in brevity than in length. For a charming and easy glimpse into the best aspect of eighteenth-century life we can commend these fluent pages.

The "popular" quality of the price and the binding of the reprinted "Black Dwarf, and A Legend of Montrose," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," which come to us from Henry Frowde, is not achieved at the expense of clearness of type or fairness of paper. That the price is no large one is in itself evidence of the Scottish novels remaining some one's favorite reading—and not specimens of Lamb's *abiblia*, bound expensively in every gentleman's library. One is grateful that the numerous illustrations here are woodcuts rather than the staring photographic reproductions which disfigure so many reëditions of standard novels.

A manual training school on wheels is now being employed in Anson County, N. C., to teach children the use of tools. At eight central points there will be a demonstration on an elevated platform by trained boys and girls as well as teachers. The making of butter-moulds will be exhibited before all the children. In addition all kinds of useful school fixtures and appliances will be exhibited, and in the afternoon and evening there will be some interesting shows, such as glass blowing, wood and metal carving, and moving pictures. The promoter of this novel educational enterprise, John T. Patrick of Wadesboro, offers prizes to all the school-children of the county for the best butter-moulds as well as for excellence in other home and farm industries.

Hugh Black confesses himself an optimist as to American life on the basis of his observations in the many colleges and universities, East and West, where he has served as college preacher, and held intimate conversation on religious themes with large numbers of students. In his introduction to "The Gift of Influence," a volume of university sermons (Fleming H. Revell Co.), he says:

> Superficial observers sometimes speak of the materialism of America. Nothing could be further from the truth, when we look deeply and broadly. It might even be said

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with far more truth that America suffers from unregulated idealism. Certainly no one can know intimately the mass of students without being struck by the ready response they give to every high thought and every generous passion. No one can despair of the future who knows the splendid material the colleges of the land contain, and how eagerly men long to attempt great tasks.

The latest issues of the Historical Manuscript Commission of Great Britain are the second report on the manuscripts of the Earl of Egmont, chiefly Irish, and the fifth report on the miscellaneous manuscripts in various collections, in this case chiefly Scottish. The Egmont papers concern in largest part the fortunes of the house of Perceval from the beginning of the reign of Charles II to the end of that of Anne, and refer in the main to the management of the Perceval estates in Ireland. As the Percevals played no conspicuous part either in English or in Irish history their records, except in a few instances, are of local interest only. The most important correspondence, throwing light on contemporary conditions in England and Ireland, is that of Sir Robert Southwell, Whig politician and diplomat, uncle and brother-in-law of Sir John Perceval, the grandfather of the first Earl of Egmont. There are also observations of interest to the student of British history after 1660, but almost none that have any bearing on American history. We learn, indeed, that the Irish merchants were greatly depressed in 1685 by the revival of the act forbidding them to trade directly with the plantations, and we get two or three glimpses of William Blathwayt, auditor-general of the plantation revenues, which bring into somewhat sharper relief his versatile character. But as a whole this report on the Egmont papers is less important than was the first; and the report on the miscellaneous Scottish collections has even less general interest. This last covers the Hay (1300-1736), Edmonstone (1288-1829), and Graham (1200-18th century) manuscripts. The first relates solely to the ancient possessions of the Hay family in Upper Tweeddale and Berwickshire, and is valuable for the history of Scottish tenures. The second, preserved at Duntreath Castle in Strathblane, contains title deeds, official papers, and domestic correspondence, among which are several letters and papers, such as the articles drawn up by the Scottish parliamentary army in 1648 and the declaration of the Presbyterians in arms in 1679. Attention may also be called to a curiously mature letter written in French by Mary, Queen of Scots, at the age of twelve to her mother, the Queen Dowager. The third group, except for a few Jacobite papers and an important letter not hitherto known, from the Episcopal ministers of Scotland to William III, concerns Scotland only.

Some twenty years ago Professor Jacobi published the Prākrit text of a number of Jain stories under the title "Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Mâhârâshtrî." These have been translated by Dr. J. J. Meyer, already well known from his previous rendering of the "Kāvyasangraha," and other Sanskrit works belonging to the classical period. The present text, published by Luzac & Co., London, deserves special mention not only as a faithful version of the original but also as a useful critical commentary on Jacobi's text now partly antiquated. The student of Jain religion will find here new and attractive material, since the tales are above the average of Hindu moral literature, which is apt to leave much to be desired from an æsthetic point of view. As the native proverb has it, "two swords do not go into one scabbard," and generally the Hindu is didactic in his aims even at the cost of beauty.

After a lapse of above thirty years Dr. Claes Annerstedt has published the second part (in two volumes) of his "Upsala Universitets historia" (Upsala: Akademiska bokförlaget), the first part of which was published on the 400th anniversary of the founding of the university, in 1877. The intervening time includes the author's incumbency, for twenty years, of the office of chief librarian of the university, and the publication, in 1894, of a sketch of the history of the university library until 1702, and, in 1893, 1899, and 1905, of four rectorial programmes containing Olof Rudbeck's letters concerning the university from 1661 to 1702, with an introduction. Of the two volumes forming the second part of the history the first narrates the fortunes of the university from 1655 to 1718, while the second describes its organization and activities during the same period. It was a time of almost continuous wars and a well-nigh fantastic patriotism. A large part of the first volume is taken up with Olof Rudbeck, elected rector of the university in 1661, at the age of thirty-one, and with the account of Rudbeck's conflicts with his colleagues, men of smaller stature. Among the other professors at the university we find many who stand in the front rank of Swedish science, such as Rudbeck's colleague in the medical faculty. Peter Hoffvenius; the German Johannes Loccenius and Johannes Schefferus, who both did much to promote the progress of antiquarian and legal studies; Jesper Swedberg, afterwards bishop of Skara, and as such the supervisor of the Swedish congregations in Delaware and Pennsylvania, and others. The theological faculty was preëminent, and every student was obliged to take a preliminary theological course. Its professors had higher salaries than those in the other faculties, and transfers from these to the theological faculty were regarded as a promotion. The theologians demanded and exercised supervision over the opinions and views expressed in the dissertations before the other faculties as well as in the publications of the professors themselves. We see this particularly in the controversies over the Cartesian philosophy which became acute in the 1660s and in the later 1680s. At first introduced by the representatives of natural science, particularly by Petrus Hoffvenius, the system propounded by Descartes eventually spread to the logicians and metaphysicians who hitherto had been bound up in the Aristotelian-scholastic methods. Freedom of thinking was, however, ultimately victorious when Charles XI, in a royal resolution of 1689, declared that "the free use and exercise of philosophy were permitted in order to find and demonstrate the truth with good reasons and experiments, and to promote all lawful sciences."

The Weimar Goethe Society has made a grant of one thousand marks for each of the six volumes now published, and the promise of another thousand on the completion of the seventh and final volume, to the author of "Goethe über seine Dichtungen" (Frankfort-on-the-Main: Rütten & Loening). Certainly this work is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to Goethe literature, yet it has thus far failed to receive, in this country, the recognition due it. This is reflected in the failure of some American editors to mention it in their bibliographies. And yet literary historians long ago established the importance of Goethe's own utterances concerning his writings, and here we have a work which undertakes to collect and arrange systematically his utterances concerning his purely literary writings, including even those lost and those only projected. The action of the Goethe Society now definitely assures the publication of Volume VII, which had been abandoned because the publisher, like Hans Gerhard Gräf, the author, had made to the good cause as great a sacrifice as he felt able under the circumstances to afford.

For convenient reference Gräf has arranged the titles of Goethe's poetical works alphabetically under the three general heads: Epics, Dramas, and Lyrics. The material on the epics fills the first two volumes, that on the dramas the next four (the Faust material alone filling 608 pages of Volume IV), and the seventh volume is to contain all that Goethe had to say of his lyrics. Gräf had the manuscript of Volume VII practically ready for printing when the above-mentioned grant of money was made him, but that appreciation of his labors made him feel that he ought to reciprocate by working over the possible material once more before publishing his results. He expects to have the volume out some time next year. Meanwhile the Weimar edition of Goethe will be completed, except the index to the *Tagebücher*. When this monumental edition is complete Gräf will be able to compile a small supplementary volume to his own work, containing the material not yet published when his earlier volumes were put out. As for his own work, voluminous as it is, its contents are rendered easy of access by means of excellent indexes and tables covering each general division. Another feature that ought to appeal to American scholars is the fact that the author has not given mere refererces to pages in out-of-the-way periodicals and rare books, but has, instead, quoted at length. His text is free from misprints, and in some passages gives the first correct reading of the original; it is accompanied by a sound and suggestive commentary and a statement of his position regarding moot questions, with references to the literature upholding the opposite view. Many a scholar would be justly proud of these volumes as a life work, and yet Gräf has barely reached his prime.

The death of the Swiss moralist and jurist, Charles Hilty, is announced. Born at Grabs, in the Rheinthal, in 1833, he read law in Germany and at Paris, and established himself as a lawyer at Coire (Grissons). Later, he was a professor in his specialty at the University of Berne. He published yearly a political "Jahrbuch," and was a member of the Swiss Legislature. Among his books, expressive of a philosophy at once humanitarian, optimistic, and evan-

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gelical, the best known is that entitled "Glück" (Happiness).

From Berlin is reported the death, in his seventieth year, of Lieut.-Col. F. C. Gerhard von Pelet-Narbonne, a well-known writer on military subjects. Among his works are "Hilfsbuch zur Erteilung des theoretischen Unterrichts im Reiten" and "Aussichten der Kavallerie im Kampfe gegen die Infanterie und die Artillerie."

Science.

DARWINISM TO-DAY.

Darwin and Modern Science. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Under the auspices of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, arrangements were made for the publication of a volume of essays in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the "Origin of Species." In response to an invitation to take part in this celebration, some of the most prominent biologists of the world have written on those evolutionary topics with which they are most familiar. Among the contributors are found not only leading champions of Darwin's teachings—*e. g.*, Haeckel, Weismann, Poulton, Lloyd Morgan—but others who have opened lines of investigation that have thrown a flood of light on problems only incidentally touched on by Darwin, notably such naturalists as De Vries, Bateson, W. B. Scott, and Klebs. Still other writers, who can scarcely be ranked as Darwinians, in the most generous extension of that term, have given voluntary testimony to the broadening influence of Darwin's thought and method. All offer their tribute to a great naturalist. One name alone is conspicuously absent, that of Alfred Wallace.

It is not without significance that Great Britain supplies seventeen of the twenty-nine contributors (ten from Cambridge alone), Germany six, the United States two, France, Holland, and Norway one each—significant as an indication of the place of Darwinism in modern thought. It is sometimes said that Darwinism has become an English asset, and, whether the statement be true or not, certainly in England Darwin has had his greatest following. Germany, too, has felt his influence deeply, and while other countries have also come under the spell, his teaching has never had the same paramount importance as in England and Germany. The absence of contributors from many countries is no less anomalous than the excess from Great Britain.

The present volume is addressed primarily to that nondescript person, the "educated layman," rather than to the specialist, and undoubtedly the chief value of the essays is for that class for whom they are designed; but the expert also will find much to entertain him and something for his instruction. The choice of topics covers almost the whole range of intellectual interests: descent, natural selection, heredity, psychology, history, religion, language, double stars, and the evolution of matter. While it is true that the revival of interest in the whole philosophy of evolution was directly the outcome of Darwin's writings, it is unfortunate that the distinction between the evolution of living things (organic evolution) and the conception of evolution applied to other spheres is so often disregarded. The laudable effort of these essays to show the far-reaching influence of evolutionary thought may lead still further to obscure this fundamental distinction. Organic evolution is based on the recognized processes of variation, heredity, and survival, which take place through a chain of living beings, each starting with the egg. The application of the idea of evolution to religion, language, double stars, and matter ignores the fact that we are here dealing with an entirely different process.

Any attempt to summarize or to criticise the twenty-nine essays that cover collectively nearly 600 pages, is out of the question. No finer tribute to Darwin's personality has been offered than that of Höffding in his essay on "The Influence of the Conception of Evolution on Modern Philosophy":

> His deep love of truth, his indefatigable inquiry, his wide horizon, and his steady self-criticism make him a scientific model, even if his results and theories should eventually come to possess mainly an historic interest. In the intellectual domain the primary object is to reach high summits from which wide surveys are possible, to reach them toiling honestly upwards by the way of experience, and then not to turn dizzy when a summit is gained. Darwinians have sometimes turned dizzy, but Darwin never.

No less significant is the statement that, while Darwin foresaw that his doctrines would occasion "a whole of metaphysics," he himself was reserved before ultimate questions, and his answers to such questions were extorted from him.

Concerning Darwin's special theory of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, these essays have a good deal to say, but they speak very diversely, and the complete ignoring of this theory in several essays is no less marked than its laudation in others. One of Darwin's most formidable opponents, Samuel Butler, admits that "to the end of time if the question be asked, 'Who taught people to believe in evolution,' the answer must be that it was Mr. Darwin." And a more modern expert on the theory of heredity does not hesitate to write:

> Not for a few generations, but through all ages, he should be remembered as the first who showed clearly that the problems of heredity and variation are soluble by observation and laid down the course by which we must proceed to their solution.

After all has been said, Darwin's own estimate hits the mark more nearly than that of either his followers or his opponents:

> Hence if I have erred in giving to natural selection great power, which I am very far from admitting, or in having exaggerated its power, which is in itself probable, I have at least, as I hope, done good service in aiding to overthrow the dogma of separate creations.

Historically, Darwin's influence lies exactly here, as he himself surmised; for, whether we accept or deny the efficiency of natural selection to account for the process of evolution, it is a fact that, after 1859, the prevailing theory of special creations died a quick and painful death.

As an expression of modern thought concerning evolution and its tributary studies of heredity and variation no more admirable compilation than these essays has appeared in recent times. We are once more at the turning point; the old is giving place rapidly to the new, and here, perhaps for the last time, the older writers of the earlier Darwinism meet the newer contributors to advancing thought in friendly discourse.

In Prof. Charles L. Poor's "Nautical Science," promised by the Putnams, we look for an account, in language intelligible to the layman, of the astronomical facts and the scientific principles upon which navigation is based. This book will contain a description of the tides and tidal currents, and the most valuable results of researches by our Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for autumn publication two works of physiology entitled, respectively: "Physiology of Man and Other Animals," by Anne Moore, and "The History of the Human Body," by Prof. H. H. Wilder. The former book is an elementary treatment of pure physiology; the latter, intended for advanced students, is a study of technical human anatomy.

On November 11 and 12 will be held in Lampson Hall, Yale University, a conference on the prevention of infant mortality; this being the third mid-year meeting of the American Academy of Medicine. The exhibits by the Boston committee on milk and baby hygiene, and other organizations, are under the supervision of Professor Fisher. Four sessions will be held, at which more than twenty papers will be read by members of the conference.

Drama.

Das Drama: Wesen, Theorie, und Technik des Dramas. Von Dr. Hermann Schlag. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Few Germans have had the years' ex-

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perience of the well-known Weimar professor in the editing and preparation of plays for the Continental stage, and it is not surprising that his latest volume, summing up the impressions of a life in which the theatre has passed through several evolutions, should prove the most notable book of its kind since the publication of Gustav Freytag's "Technik des Dramas." Very likely it surpasses, in some respects at least, Freytag's epoch-making work, for whereas Freytag confined himself chiefly to tragedy and the outward construction of a play, Schlag in his compact pages —containing scarcely less than 160,000 words—has sought to cover the entire field of the playwright, and much more satisfactorily than either Hessen or Nossig has done. Writing from his own observation and experience, Schlag avoids the too scientific bias of Weitbrecht, on the one hand, and the Emersonian disorder of Bulthaupt in his four huge volumes, on the other. Apparently, too, he has escaped the mistakes marring Harlan's new "Schule des Lustspiels." Like Bulthaupt, however, Schlag chiefly occupies himself, so far as the foreign stage is concerned, with Shakespeare and Ibsen. These dramatists apart, Shaw alone seems to challenge Schlag's attention; nor does Shaw fare very well at his hands. Herr Schlag admits the talent shown here and there by the "phosphorescent Irishman," but considers that Shaw soon wearies his audience, and holds him, in one stage-direction at least, "absolutely daft"—*ganz verrückt!*

Schlag is one of those who look back, with Goethe, to the good old times "when one could, without trouble, always pick up a repertory from among the plays at hand and lying about loose." He finds the sources of dramatic art-theory chiefly in Aristotle and Lessing, and outlines, in some twenty-eight chapters, the five fundamental laws of dramatic composition. These, according to Schlag, have still to do with *die Handlung, die Charaktere, das Verstandesmäszige, die Sprache*, and *die Anpassung an die Bühne.*

Two quite practical chapters on the dramatic materials, dramatic methods, the relations of the playwright to his public, and the qualities which the poet must possess in order to become a successful dramatist close, with a good bibliography, this excellent volume.

It is natural that the author of a work of this order should again and again refer to "the modern." Professor Schlag sees in Hauptmann (referred to both as Gerhart and Gerhard) a poet deserving of far more consideration than the rest of contemporary stage aspirants. The praise is not unqualified, however: for he regards Hauptmann as having striven to extricate himself from the naturalistic morass, but as having only partially succeeded, and as having failed, thus far, to fulfil the promise of his early work. In Sudermann, Schlag sees not a poet, but a fruitful stage-craftsman, who is a good delineator of character and an able word-painter, but who has not begun to do with his precious talents what the world has a right to expect of him. Hauptmann has failed to climb; Sudermann has positively sunk, year by year, deeper and deeper into the mire of the commonplace and the disgusting. According to our critic, the saviour of the modern stage has, however, appeared in Wildenbruch, who, although he, too, passed through the humiliation of repeated failures following early success, at last, and shortly before his death, gave to the German theatre his *Die Rabensteinerin.* From this single achievement of Wildenbruch's, one may see that art remains art, and that it matters little whether the poet, when he comes, be romantic or classic, prosaic or prosodic, realistic or idealistic: if only he appears as a true dramatist, he will come into his own. For the future of the dramatic art, this writer is in the highest degree sanguine.

The latest play by Alfred Sutro, "The Builder of Bridges," which is now to be seen in the Hudson Theatre, shows the author's technical skill and instinctive sense of theatrical situation, but is purely commercial, not serious, drama. Although it is smartly written, in places, and contains more than one clever character sketch, it is so insincere in sentiment, and so conventional, as well as so unlikely in action, that it has no value as a reflection of actual life. The heroine, after trading disgracefully on the emotions of two honorable men—to both of whom she engages herself—in order to raise money to settle a thieving brother's defalcation, is finally pardoned by the lover who has been most egregiously deceived, on the ground that she erred simply through sisterly affection. The piece is immoral because of the gloss put upon bad and treacherous actions, and has no special literary or dramatic quality to offer in justification. Whatever success it may have will be due chiefly to the artistic acting of Kyrle Bellew as the complacent hero.

The play Roy Horniman founded upon the main incidents of W. J. Locke's novel, "Idols," which was produced with some success in London, was presented in the Bijou Theatre here on Monday evening. Like the great majority of similar adaptations, it contains but little of the charm, power, or illusion of the original book. In its bare outlines, the tale becomes crude and unsympathetic melodrama. The purely theatrical and unreasonable nature of the plot is clearly revealed. The court episode itself, the main object of the dramatization, is seen, upon the least reflection, to be based upon inadmissible premises. If it be granted that a respectable and happily married woman might, in open court, in a fit of emotional ecstasy, falsely declare herself an adulteress, in order to prove an alibi for an innocent man to whom she owed a great debt of gratitude, and whose lips hitherto had been sealed by his honorable obligations to another woman, it is utterly inconceivable that a brave and gallant man—such as the beneficiary is described to be—could allow himself to profit by such a sacrifice, even for an instant, when a revelation of the simple truth would save him and hurt nobody. There are other equally glaring improbabilities in a scene which has no real dramatic value other than its alleged realism. The acting at the Bijou is not of first rate quality by any means, but the merely sensational value of the murder and trial scenes may keep the piece alive for a season. The representation is something entirely apart from the book, in spirit and value.

At the MacDowell Club, in New York city, Josephine Preston Peabody will read, on November 15, her new play, "The Piper," which is a re-creation of the Hamelin personage. This play, the first by Miss Peabody to be published since "Marlowe," is to be issued through Houghton Mifflin Co.

David Belasco has three new productions in course of preparation. One is a political play, by William C. De Mille, entitled "The Machine"; another is a play in which Charlotte Walker is to be the star, and of the third he claims the authorship himself, while confessing his obligations to the French. For this production he promises a cast of the rarest excellence, to be secured by some process which the press agent describes as a combination of all the best that there is in the old stock company and the present star system.

The latest historical character to be sacrificed on the altar of costume-melodrama is Sir Walter Raleigh, who is made the hero of a "Romantic Play" at the Lyric Theatre (London) by William Devereux The gallant soldier, sea-captain, poet, statesman, and historian emerges here an inferior swashbuckler of the type of *cap et d'épée.* No one profits by all this but Mr. Lewis Waller, of picturesque pose and lively eloquence.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's death will fall on April 23, 1916, and with a view to its commemoration, it is proposed by the special committee for the erection of a National Shakespeare Theatre in London to raise by subscription a fund of £500,000, so that the theatre may be an accomplished fact by that date. The committee declares that only thus will be removed from London "the unenviable distinction of being perhaps the only great capital in Europe which does not possess such an institution."

Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring: A Tragedy of Childhood," Englished by Francis J. Ziegler, is to be issued this month through Brown Bros., Philadelphia. The drama's thesis is that "it is a fatal error to bring up children, either boys or girls, in ignorance of their sexual nature" (we quote Mr. Ziegler's "Proem for Prudes"). "Frühling's Erwachen" has gone through twenty-six editions in its original language, and has been translated into Russian and French. The play has been successfully produced in Germany, but proved a failure on the Paris stage. There can, of course, be no question of its American production.

Victorien Sardou was, from 1864 until the time of his death, a resident of Marly-

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le-Roi, and that village has now honored the dramatist with a bust. Sardou always interested himself in the affairs of the little community of which he was the most distinguished citizen, and even served, in 1870, as its Mayor. The dedication of the bust brought together a distinguished gathering; from Paris came members of the playwright's family, MM. Hervieu, Richepin, de Croisset, Bernstein, etc., and the widow of Dumas, *fils*. Among the speakers were René Millet, *conseiller général*, and M. de Nolhac, curator of the Museum of Versailles.

At this moment, two plays by M. Brieux hold the Paris stage. At the Français is seen "La Robe rouge," the play which has for its theme the abuses of the French magisterial procedure, first enacted upon the stage of the Vaudeville, in 1900. One may fairly call this the dramatist's masterpiece, and at the Maison de Molière it has renewed its youth. M. Brieux's new piece, "Suzette," is to be seen at the theatre where his earlier play was first produced. It is doubtful whether this drama of outraged motherhood (it suggests, too, at moments, the central situation of Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order") has attained much more than a *succès d'estime*. Its excellent passages do not close the eyes of the spectator to the fact that it has, in high degree, the usual defect of the plays of this capable dramatist: it contains almost too many *petites conférences*. Brieux's "La Foi," elaborately staged this autumn at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, and called, in translation, "False Gods," was blamed by London critics, it will be remembered, for this same excess of intellectuality, not to say dulness. "Suzette" deals, it should be said, with the rupture of the spouses Chambert, and the separation of the sinning mother, who retains the public's good wishes, from the child whom she loves, and who gives the play its title. In the judicial separation, the mother is accorded the privilege of seeing her child once each month, but the difficulties thrown in the way of their meetings, and the conduct of the father and his contemptible family, who seek in every way to poison the child against her mother, are, of course, a terrible experience for Suzette, and the mother in the end gives way: this that the child's breast may no longer be torn by a conflict so ruinous to her proper development. It is, in itself, an unpleasant performance; and one cannot congratulate M. Brieux upon having created characters which command our admiration as theatric personages. Neither is our sympathy sufficiently kindled, even for the unfortunate mother herself.

Music.

The rivalry between the two opera companies in this city, which has reached an acute stage, has caused both of them to announce the attractions of the opening week longer in advance than usual. Mr. Hammerstein, who begins next Monday, has even taken the public into his confidence regarding the many offerings of the first two weeks at the Manhattan. Among these will be two novelties, two French operas never before sung in this city, both by Massenet, for whose works Mr. Hammerstein has had a deep affection ever since he secured Maurice Renaud and Mary Garden. "Hérodiade" is to be produced, in the newer version, on November 8, the first night of the season, and "Sapho" is to have its première on November 17. Among the other operas of the first two weeks are "Traviata," "Lucia" and "The Daughter of the Regiment" (for Tetrazzini), and "Aïda." The Opéra Comique branch of this house is to open the following week with "La Fille de Madame Angot" on November 16, and "La Mascotte" on the twentieth.

The Metropolitan does not open till November 15, and it has no novelty to offer in the way of operas during the first week; but there is to be a revival of "Lohengrin" that will eclipse even the glories of "Parsifal," while "La Gioconda" and "Otello" are to enjoy the advantage of new singers and fresh scenic attire. "La Traviata," "Madama Butterfly," and "La Bohème" will also be heard during the first week. But the Metropolitan Opera Company's most notable achievement will be the annexation of the New Theatre, which is to be musically dedicated on the evening of November 16 by a performance of Massenet's "Werther," to be followed the next afternoon by Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."

Mme. Sembrich will be heard in her annual recital in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, November 9.

Dr. Alfred Christian Kalischer, the editor of the recently issued "Beethovens Sämtliche Briefe," has died at Berlin. Among his other publications we may note editions of Wegeler and Ries's "Beethoven," Anton Schindler's "Beethovens Biographie," and Lenz's "Beethoven." His "Beethovens Frauenkreis" was issued on the very day of his death (October 6).

From Dresden we learn of the death, at the age of sixty-five years, of one of the most celebrated Wagnerian tenors of the last generation, Heinrich Gudehus, long an interpreter of the part of Parsifal at Bayreuth. Gudehus belonged, for many years, to the Royal Operas of Dresden and of Berlin.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

Of the 363 paintings now exhibited at the Fine Arts building by the New York Water-Color Club only a few are water-colors in the stricter sense. Oils are naturally excluded, but pastel, gouache, tempera, and mixtures of all the slighter mediums hang together in confusing juxtaposition. Similarly, fully conducted pictures tend to efface the more summary sketches. With the vigorous works of C. W. Eaton, Gruppe, and C. C. Cooper prominently displayed (painting in the full gamut), how is one to catch the evasively exquisite quality of H. M. Camp's twilights, of Louis Tiffany's California Squash Field, of F. M. Marsh's two-skied drawings, of Jane Peterson's city nooks in the Old World? In short, this is neither a water-color exhibition nor for that matter an exhibition of any sort. It is merely a casual collection of disparate matter, with a fair number of interesting items.

This is no fault of the New York Water Color Club or of its hanging committee. They have done their best with galleries unfitted for the purpose. Some day there will be a series of low galleries in light tones, in which finished paintings, sketches, and even the slightest notes may find congenial quarters. Until the time when the art societies possess a suitable building, the minor shows must continue to have a makeshift character. Meanwhile let us forget a diffused discomfort and enjoy the particular goods the jury has provided.

The stately talent of Charles Warren Eaton appears to rare advantage in a series of nocturnes, mostly on Lake Como. He has carried a simplification very far without falling into emptiness, and without undue formality he displays a thoughtful sense of arrangement. The tone of these pastels is often exquisite, though the uniform employment of blue and gray sometimes approaches mannerism. Alexander Robinson's African and Venetian scenes are crisp in drawing, sonorous in color, vivacious in general effect. Their execution gives a fillip, but is there much behind all this bravura? For that desirable something behind, turn to C. C. Cooper's Columbus Circle. Out of a confusing and complicated appearance he has wrought a unified vision. The restlessness and motion of New York at full current here settle into something that is at least exalted prose and perhaps poetry. These three men and Gruppe, whose sterling talent needs no new comment, are, as has been hinted, hard and possibly unfair company for the run of the exhibitors. In a better world, the pampered pastellist and the practitioner in tempera will be forced to choose between the oil shows and those in water-color, or, better yet, will be hung according to the completeness or suggestiveness of the execution. As it is, the happy adept of tempera and pastel may joyously conduct a continuous exhibitionistic performance.

The present writer grudges no painter his favorite materials, but confesses to a liking for water colors that do not keep him guessing. There is an authentic, if limited, charm in the pure color boldly applied that no other medium shares. It is refreshing to find men who still can do something expressive with the edges of the wash. John J. Redmond's Sunset Glow in the Alps, Charles H. Wright's The Jungfrau, or the pasturing cattle of F. D. Marsh, Mrs. Nicholls's Laundry Maid in a garden, and Hilda Belcher's two portraits of girls, one of which receives the Beal prize, reveal a similar spontaneity. Ernest D. Roth's little Venetian sketch, and Harold Camp's delicious twilights, par-

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ticularly his November, with its pellucid evening sky and wind-blown shrubs, again satisfy greatly an old-fashioned lover of simple ways of seeing and doing. Frank J. Mulhaupt's Meadow and Hillside is lovely for the discreet contrast of a pale green tree set against distant russet groves, and is rarely impressive for the simplicity of the main planes and the large scale of the whole. It combines in unusual fashion a delicate realism with decorative quality.

To particularize the pictures that stand out for one reason or another is neither possible nor desirable. Popularity may be predicted for Edward Dufner's Moonlit Lake, which holds a place of honor. To many it will seem oversweet. Walter Palmer's able and somewhat arid snow studies lend themselves to no fresh comment. E. Luis Mora's Spanish scenes occupy an entire end wall of the second gallery. They have a Pasini-like brilliancy. It is difficult to to see anything amiss with them, or anything personal and interesting. Take the Gorge of Ronda (No. 311). Was ever tremendous romantic scenery more placidly painted? It is a dandified Spain that Mr. Mora gives us. There is no thrill in it. Among the figure studies, nothing is more interesting than Jerome Meyer's sombre and trenchant studies of East Side children.

The beginning is also the ending. When will the art societies have galleries in which sketches, black and white, etc., may be shown as favorably as they now are at the dealers'?

The exhibition is open until November 21.

At Keppell's is being shown until November 6 a group of drawings by old masters, mostly Dutch and Flemish. A composition sketch by Rembrandt for a Beheading of John the Baptist is, perhaps, the most notable exhibit. It is a studio note, and without charm, but carried through with a stalwart economy that makes it a model of swift and masterful execution. Few but artists will read the merit of it fully. Rembrandt in a more conventional vein is represented by a sketch of a couchant lion. Ruysdael, Craesbeeck, Adrian van Ostade, Bakhuisen, and Maas are shown in characteristic examples. The little group of washed drawings by Van Goyen deserve a more specific attention, while a sketch of a village school by Isack van Ostade is a little marvel of animation and gusto. We comment elsewhere in this issue on the sketches by the great Claude exhibited. Brosmaer, Pencz, and Canaletto are also represented.

The following exhibitions will be held this season in the galleries of the Salmagundi Club: Work by the late C. Myles Collier, opening November 8; work by Carl Rungius, November 22; annual illustration show, ecember 3; annual water color show, December 17; work by C. A. Needham, January 18.

The Metropolitan Museum has issued the illustrated catalogue in two volumes of its art exhibition, held in connection with the Hudson-Fulton celebration. They are handsome volumes, profusely illustrated with excellent reproductions. The first volume, which is dedicated to the paintings by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, contains a reproduction of every picture exhibited except a Pieter de Hooch—a woman at a washtub in a yard with another woman drawing water from a well—which J. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased in this city, and which was lent to the collection after the catalogue had gone to press. The second volume deals with the exhibition of American paintings, furniture, etc. It contains an article by Miss Florence Levy, giving a lucid description of old American silver, the rich collection of which, at the Metropolitan, has been a revelation to the public. The price of the two volumes, which are not sold separately, is $5.

Washington Irving died on November 28, 1859, and the anniversary of his death is noted by the New York Public Library in an exhibition of his works, and of various prints, in the lower hall of the Lenox Library building.

The twentieth annual exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia will continue until December 5. One hundred and seven paintings, the work of eighty-eight exhibitors, are shown. Frank W. Benson, Elliott Daingerfield, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, Philip Hale, W. E. Schofield, Willard Metcalfe, and Edmund C. Tarbell are among the painters sending canvases. Robert Henri's The Blue Kimona has been awarded the club's gold medal. Honorable mention has been given to Daniel Garber for his In Winter—Richmond. Whistler is represented by his Study in Rose and Brown.

"Artists, Past and Present" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) contains a dozen "random studies" by Elisabeth Luther Cary of artists from Crevelli to Carl Larsson and Zuloaga. Miss Cary has the qualifications of intelligence, flexibility, sympathy, and a pretty, flowing style, and these are so many more than are often thought sufficient for the practice of art criticism that her book is distinctly above the average. What she lacks is a natural or trained insight into technical matters, which are, after all, the important matters in art, so that she seems seldom to be talking of the real thing. What she sees is not the work of art, as an artist recognizes it, but something else—something with intellectual and moral qualities, but not made of lines or surfaces of paint. And while you may learn to know a man in many ways you will never know the artist until you understand the quality of his lines and his surfaces.

Dr. Luigi Perrier is to be the first director of the Archæological Institute newly established at Athens by the Italian government.

Announcement is made of the death of Hippolyte Dubois, director of the Algerian Ecole des Beaux-Arts. A pupil of Gleyse, his prominence as a painter dates from 1873, when he obtained the gold medal of the Salon.

Dr. A. Bredius, who has held, since 1889, the directorship of the Royal Museum at The Hague, is succeeded by Dr. W. Martin. In 1895, it will be remembered, Dr. Bredius published, with the assistance of Dr. Hofstede de Groot, an elaborate *catalogue raisonné* of the works of art of the Mauritshuis.

William Powell Frith, R.A., died at London, November 2, in his ninety-first year. He was in his time the most popular of British painters, and some day several of his pictures, such as Derby Day, Life at the Seaside, and The Railway Station, will be valued as faithful and excellently drawn representations of mid-Victorian life. Probably he received in his heyday higher prices than any contemporary painter. For The Railway Station he received $45,000, and the painting was resold for $80,000, with a subscription list to the engraving, so well known in this country. For his Marriage of the Prince of Wales (the present King), which was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, he was paid $40,000. The painter was on intimate terms with the London celebrities of his period, and in his "Autobiography" and "Further Reminiscences" has left a charming record of his friendships and impressions.

Finance.

THE "STEEL DIVIDEND."

Directors of the United States Steel Corporation last week raised the quarterly dividend on the common stock to the rate which was paid in the first two years of the company's history. When the so-called billion-dollar steel combination" was organized and incorporated, early in 1901, animated discussion began at once in Wall Street as to whether dividends would forthwith be paid on the $500,000,000 common stock. The consensus of conservative opinion was that such action, at so experimental a stage in the company's affairs, would be unwise. It happened, however, that "Steel common" had been issued in exchange for the common stock of nine other existing combinations in the steel trade. Of these nine corporations, four had previously been paying dividends on their own common stock and five had not; and it is quite conceivable that, in the course of the merger negotiations, some at least of the companies of which control was sought had been promised dividends on the new combination's common shares.

However this may be, the initial controversy was quickly settled by the paying of a 4 per cent. annual dividend on the stock. The results were not altogether fortunate. Two years later came a decided reaction in the steel trade; net earnings of the Steel Corporation fell for a time to barely one-third their previous quarterly average, and the dividend on the common stock was for two years entirely suspended.

When, in the opening months of 1906, prosperity returned to the industry, dividends were resumed, but this time in an extremely cautious way. Only 2 per cent. was now paid annually on the common shares, and, even in periods of unprecedentedly large earnings, the management pursued the far-sighted

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policy of making heavy appropriations from the annual earnings, not only for depreciation account but for the necessary new construction. The result of this wise plan was that the next severe trade reaction found the company in a strong position. The panic shock of 1907 cut its earnings so low that, in order to pay the next quarter's dividend, construction and replacement expenditures, which had been $15,000,000 in the same three months of the year before, had to be entirely suspended; but the accumulated surplus was regarded as a sufficient safeguard to permit continuance of that dividend. It was paid at an unchanged rate thoughout 1907 and up to the middle of the present year.

With the reduction in the price of steel early this year, and the consequent rapid revival in the trade, earnings of the company increased steadily, though they did not attain the heights of 1906 and 1907. In the quarter ending last June, net earnings were greatly in excess of the year before; but they were still smaller than in any other previous year save one; they were barely 64 per cent. of the same quarter's earnings during the active trade of 1907, and the management had not seen its way to resume the special appropriations for construction, suspended since the panic of 1907. It was on that occasion, nevertheless, that the directors decided on an increase in the common stock dividend to an annual rate of 3 per cent.

It cannot be denied that, in raising a dividend before earnings had fully recovered from the setback of 1907, the directors did not follow the lines marked out and observed in the experience of cautious railway corporations. In many minds, however, the higher dividend of last July found legitimate defence in the continued improvement of the steel trade. But instead of merely contending that this improvement warranted the 3 per cent. rate, a still higher dividend was at once predicted. Rumors of a return to a 4 per cent. annual rate at the October meeting circulated persistently in Wall Street, and last week the rumors were confirmed.

Earnings reported for the September quarter showed a large increase over those of the three months ending with June, and they reflected a highly encouraging situation. But they failed by 10 per cent. or more to reach the magnitude of two or three quarterly periods during 1906 and 1907, when the annual dividend was 2 per cent. They exceeded by only a million and a half the net earnings of the corresponding quarter in 1902, when the corporation's scope of business was much smaller and when it reported fixed charges less by $6,000,000 than in the quarter past. It is in the light of these facts, as well as in the light of the past quarter's large increase in earnings, that the company's dividend policy must be judged.

The answer made from the Stock Exchange to all such qualifying considerations is, that the Steel Corporation may not be making the most brilliant of all exhibits now, but will soon be doing so. It is not necessary to question or throw doubt on such predictions; every one hopes that they will be fulfilled. But it is well, especially in the midst of a violently excited market for the stock of the company concerned, to remember that predictions are predictions, and that the misfortunes of investors and speculators ordinarily arise from mistaking expectations for certainties. The history of the Steel Corporation itself, as this brief review has shown, has not been wholly free from occasional misjudgments of the sort, and the extent to which the "Steel shares" seem to have appealed to the plain and uninformed investor gives reason for some cautionary words at a time when extravagant inferences may be drawn from last week's action on the dividend.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"A Hermit." The Garden in the Wilderness. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Allen, J. The Mastery of Destiny. Putnam. $1 net.
Ames, jr., Fisher, By Reef and Trail. Boston: Brown & Page.
Arndt, E. M. Deutsche Patrioten in Russland zur Zeit Napoleons. Heath. 30 cents.
Austin, M. Lost Borders. Harper. $1.25.
Bacheller, I. The Master. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Banfield, E. J. The Confessions of a Beachcomber. Appleton.
Barbour, R. H. The Lilac Girl. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Barry, W. F. The Hygiene of the Schoolroom. Revised edition. Silver, Burdett. $1.50.
Baty, T. International Law. Longmans, Green. $2.75 net.
Baudelaire, C. Poems in Prose. Translated by A. Symons. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Beach, E. L. Ralph Osborn, Midshipman. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Beard, J. C. Billy Possum. Pictures by C. Barnes. Stokes Co.
Benedix, R. Eigensinn. Frowde.
Blanchard, A. E. Wits' End. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.
Boylan, G. D. Yama Yama Land. Pictures by E. Keller. Chicago: Reilly & Britton.
Brownell, W. C. American Prose Masters. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Buchheim, E. S. Der ungebetene Gast. Frowde.
Burnett, F. H. Emily Fox-Seton. Stokes.
Burton, M. L. The Problem of Evil: a Criticism of the Augustinian Point of View. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Cady, J. The Moving of the Waters. McBride Co.
Callender, G. S. Selections from the Economic History of the U. S., 1765-1860. Ginn & Co. $2.75.
Carter, A. The Seamless Robe. A Wessels. $1.50.
Cawein, M. The Giant and the Star: Little Annals in Rhyme. Small, Maynard.
Cléry. The Royal Family in the Temple Prison; with a supplementary chapter on The Last Hours of Louis XVI. Trans. by E. J. Méras. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.
Crane, F. The Song of the Infinite. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Daley, Myra. Jerd Cless. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.65.
De Bunsen, V. The Soul of a Turk. Lane $3.50 net.
Dobson, A. Proverbs in Porcelain. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Douglass, H. P. Christian Reconstruction in the South. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Dyson, C. C. Madame de Maintenon, Her Life and Times. 1635-1719. Lane Co. $4 net.
Easy French Selections for Sight Translation. Compiled by J. E. Mansion. Heath & Co. 15 cents.
Edgcumbe, R. Byron: The Last Phase. Scribners. $3 net.
Ellwanger, W. D. A Snuff-box Full of Trees: Some Apocryphal Essays. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
France, A. Jacques Tournebroche. Trans. by A. Allinson. Lane Co. $2.
Freeman, M. W. The Winning Lady and Others. Harper. $1.25.
Friendship. Essays and maxims by Cicero, Emerson, and others. Putnam. $2.50 net.
George, H. H. Historical Evidence. Frowde. 75 cents.
Gordon, G. A. Crossing the Bar. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Gordon, G. A. The Spirit of Truth. Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Green, S. A. John Foster, the Earliest American Engraver. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
Hall, A. D. Fertilizers and Manures. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hare, C. Felicita: a Romance of Old Siena. Stokes.
Harrison, B. Landscape Painting. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hart, A. B., and others. Decisive Battles of America. Harper. $1.50.
Haultain, A. Hints for Lovers. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Hendrick, W. A. Joysome History of Education. Nyack, N. Y.: The Point of View. 35 cents.
Henley, W. E. Rhymes and Rhythms. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Hill, C. Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the days of Buonaparte and Bourbon. Lane Co. $6 net.
Hill, F. T. Lincoln's Legacy of Inspiration. Stokes.
Hobbes's Leviathan. Reprinted from the edition of 1651. With an essay by the late W. G. P. Smith. Frowde.
Home, G. The Motor Routes of England: Southern section. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Jefferson, C. E. Talks on High Themes for Christians. Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Jordan, L. H. Modernism in Italy. Frowde.
Kasmar, M. K. First Lessons in Aeronautics. Chicago: American Aeronautical Society.
King, H. C. Letters on the Greatness and Simplicity of the Christian Faith: A Revised Edition of Letters to Sunday-School Teachers. Pilgrim Press. $75 cents net.
Kirkman, M. M. The Romance of Alexander the Prince; The Romance of Alexander the King; The Romance of Alexander and Roxana. Cropley Phillips Co.
Knight, W. A. The Shepherd of Jebel Nur. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Lang, Mrs. The Red Book of Heroes. Edited by A. Lang. Longmans, Green. $1.60 net.
Lee-Hamilton, E. Mimma Bella. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Lees, G. R. Life and Adventure Beyond Jordan. Appleton.
Les Maitres de la Critique Littéraire au XIXe Siècle: Essays selected and edited by W. W. Comfort. Heath & Co. 50 cents.
Lombroso, C. After Death—What? Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.
London. Illustrated by A. L. Coburn. Introduction by H. Belloc. Brentano.
Loomis, C. B. Little Maude and Her Mama. Doubleday, Page.
McCarthy, J. H. The God of Love. Harper. $1.50.
McGregory, J. F. A Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.
Manning, F. Scenes and Portraits. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Marshall, H. R. Consciousness. Macmillan. $4 net.
Marshall, L. B. The Halcyon Song-Book. Silver, Burdett.
Mason, D. G. A Child's Guide to Music. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Memoirs of W. E. H. Lecky. By His Wife. Longmans, Green. $2.50 net.
Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.

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Monahan, M. A Text-Book of True Temperance. U. S. Brewers' Assn.
Morris, G. Putting on the Screws. Doubleday, Page.
Moss, J. A. Privates' Manual; Non-commissioned Officers' Manual; The Story of a Troop Mess. Washington, D. C.: The U. S. Infantry Assn. 50 cents, $1.50, and 75 cents, respectively.
My Bunkie and Others. Pictures by Charles Schreyvogel. Moffat, Yard. $4 net.
Newton, E. W. Music in the Public Schools: a Manual of Suggestions for Teachers. Ginn & Co. $1.
Nicholson, M. The Lords of High Decision. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Otis, J. The Minute Boys of New York City. Dana Estes. $1.25.
Parke, J. E. The Sermon on the Mount. The Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Parry, C. H. H. Johann Sebastian Bach. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Pater, W. The Child in the House. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Payot, J. The Education of the Will. Trans. by S. E. Jelliffe from the thirtieth French edition. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Peet, T. E. The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy and Sicily. Frowde. $5.25.
Piano Compositions by Ludwig van Beethoven. Edited by E. D'Albert. Vol. I. Ditson. $1.50.
Pick, B. The Apocryphal Acts of Paul, Peter, John, Andrew, and Thomas. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Pollard, A. W. English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes. Fifth edition revised. Frowde.
Prendergast, J. Great Operas Told for Children. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Rainsford, W. S. The Land of the Lion. Doubleday, Page. $3.80 net.
Rambles in Bible Lands. Edited by C. Lang Neil. Appleton.
Randolph, A. A Bouquet of Rhymes for Children. Drawings by Isabel Whitney. Bonnell, Silver & Co. $1.50 net.
Reese, L. W. A Branch of May Poems. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Reese, L. W. A Wayside Lute. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Reinach, S. Répertoire de Reliefs Grecs et Romains. Tome Premier. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Reminders of Walks With Jesus in His Home Country, by G. L. Chamberlin and M. R. Kern. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Renouf, V. A. Outlines of General History. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Richardson, N. A. Industrial Problems. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
Roberts, C. G. D. The Backwoodsmen. Macmillan. $1.50.
Rogers, J. E. Trees Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Rumbold, H. Francis Joseph and His Times. Appleton.
Schmidt, E. Wie Man Sich Bildet. Frowde.
Schreiner, O. The Lost Joy and Other Dreams. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Sellers, J. F. An Elementary Treatise on Qualitative Chemical Analysis. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.
Simpson, P. C. The Life of Principal Rainy. In two vols. Hodder & Stoughton.
Smart, G. T. The Mystery of Peace. Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Spargo, J. The Marx He Knew. Chicago: Kerr & Co.
Speck, F. G. Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians. Phila.: Univ. of Penn.
Spenser's Faery Queen. Stories retold by A. J. Church. Macmillan. $1.50.
Stoddard, W. O., jr. Longshore Boys. Phila.: Lippincott.
Swinburne's Félise. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Symons, A. Silhouettes. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Taggart, M. A. Sweet Nancy; or, More About the Doctor's Little Girl. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Tarkington, B. Beasley's Christmas Party. Illustrated. Harper. $1.25.
The Most Popular Piano Instructor. Compiled and edited by P. Gallico. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. 75 cents.
Thompson, F. Shelley: An Essay. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Thomson, J. S. The Chinese. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50 net.
Tynan, K. A Little Book for John O'Mahony's Friends. Portland, Me.: T. B Mosher.
Van Vorst, M. In Ambush. Phila.: Lippincott.
Walden, J. W. H. The Universities of Ancient Greece. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Walpole, H. Last Journals. With notes by Dr. Doran and introduction by A. F. Steuart. 2 vols. Lane.
Walton, G. L. Those Nerves. Phila.: Lippincott. $1 net.
Ward, Mrs. W. Great Possessions. Putnam. $1.35 net.
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